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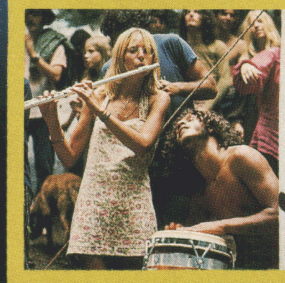

THE GENERATION THAT FORGOT GOD

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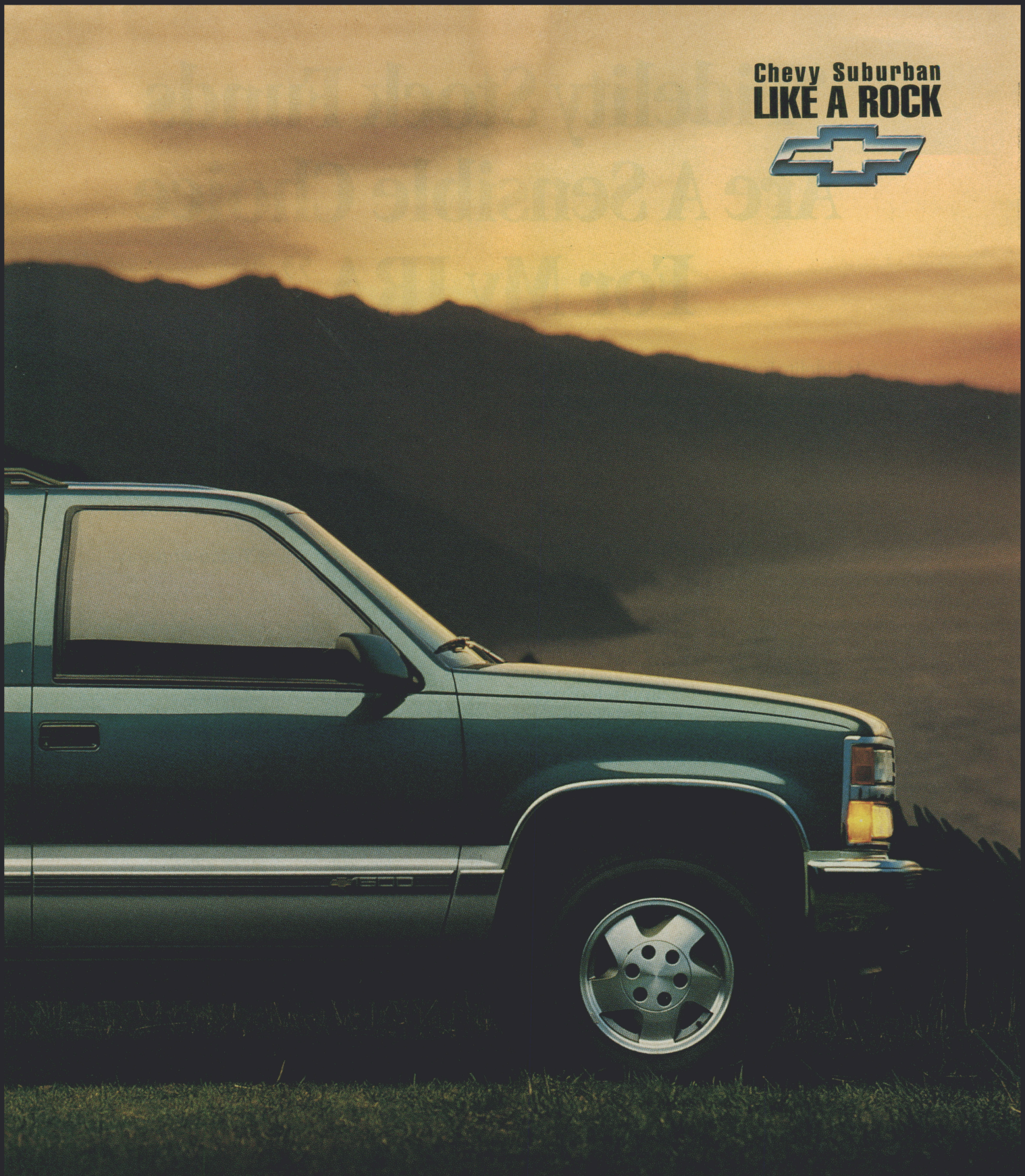

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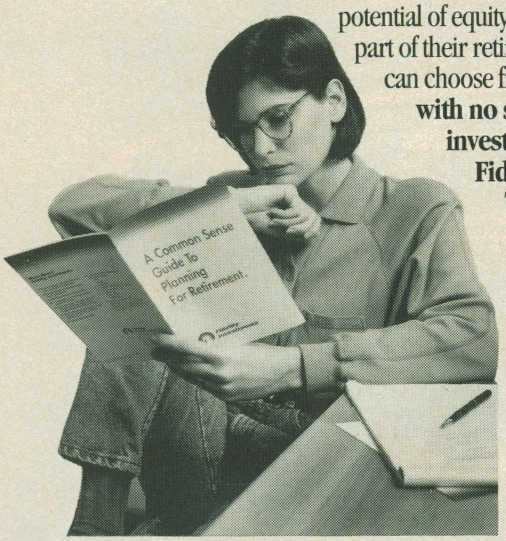

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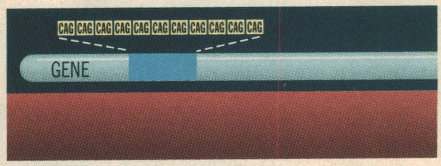
APRIL 5, 1993 THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE VOL. 141 NO. 14

THE WEEK 14

NATION: Who did what and why?

WORLD: Is it a real military pause in Bosnia or just another ploy?



HEALTH: Biochemical equivalent of a stutter causes Huntington's disease

SOCIETY: Comeback road for bionic Bo

44 COVER: The Generation That Forgot God
Millions of Americans left church and synagogue and wandered in the spiritual desert. Now many are ready to return—but only on their own terms
49 Clinton's Faith Pastor in the White House

22 RUSSIA: A Little Help from his Friends
Yeltsin heads to the summit looking for a big boost
27 Advice from Nixon and Gorbachev

30 DEFENSE: Man in a Minefield
Les Aspin's dream job has become something of a nightmare

32 TERRORISM: Suspects in Custody
After key arrests, questions linger in the Twin-Tower bombing

33 CULTS: Playing Mind Games
Can the Branch Davidians survive a bombardment of soft rock?

34 EDUCATION: Death of a Thousand Cuts
Cash-poor public schools draw their belts tighter

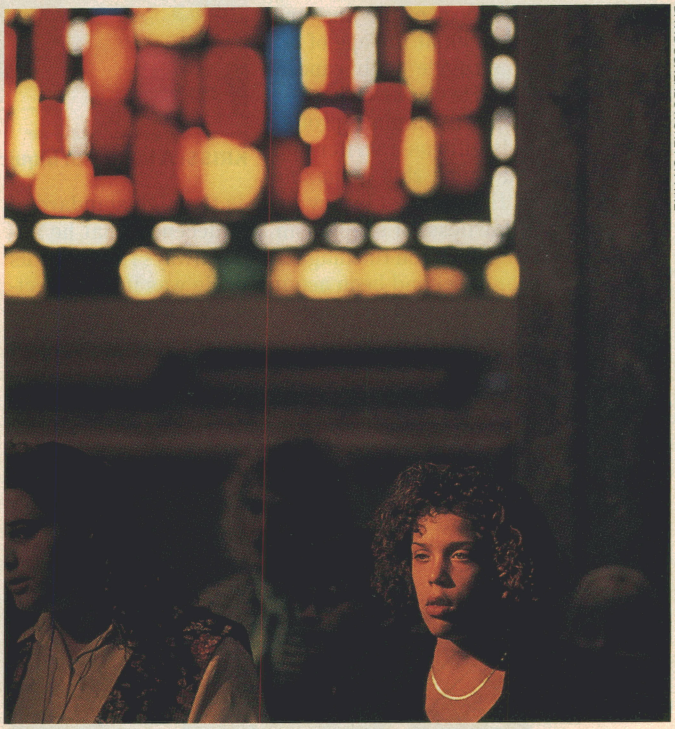
38 DESIGN: Architecture Goes Green
Environmentally correct buildings save trees, ozone and money

41 SOCIETY: Sex as a Scoring Game
A competition ignites debate over teenage values

42 BUSINESS: Does Anybody Want This Job?
Burned by a fire scandal, NBC News searches for a new boss
42 Basinger's $9 million week The actress pays a hefty fine

53 MUSIC: Rock of the Irish
Black 47 heads a new wave of Irish bands

54 PROFILE: Redefining His Genre
Clint Eastwood proves he's one actor with few limitations



DAVID SCHLABOWSKE FOR TIME

Finding the faith at Holy Name Cathedral in Chicago

57 LANGUAGE: tlhIngan Hol Dajatlh á?
Trekkies are mastering the Klingon tongue

58 CINEMA: A Few Good Women
Oscar pays tribute to them. Now movies need a lot more.

REVIEWS

CINEMA For the best view of kids on film, go to Quebec 60
Primal urges, prime cuisine in a Mexican melodrama 61
BOOKS John McPhee explores California 62
Kathryn Harrison's psychological striptease 63
SHORT TAKES 65

DEPARTMENTS

MANAGING EDITOR'S LETTER 4
LETTERS 5
GRAPEVINE 13
MILESTONES 20
PEOPLE 67
ESSAY 68

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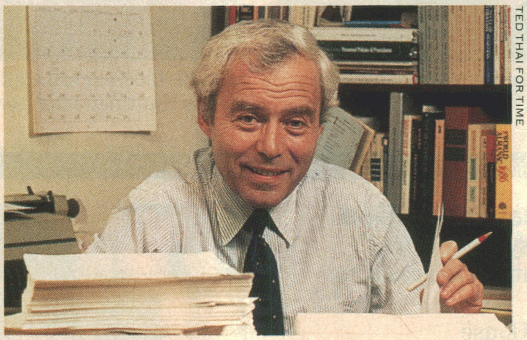
FROM THE MANAGING EDITOR

RON KRISS, OUR EXECUTIVE EDITOR, WAS A CHARMING, funny man—self-effacing, passionate in his opinions, sometimes cranky. He was impatient, fair-minded and kind. He was surpassingly competent, and cool in the sort of crisis that a newsmagazine often has, with some major story tumbling in chaotically at the end of the week. Ron's professional reflexes were among the best in journalism. In both a military and an editorial sense, he was a superb officer of the line, and his death last week at the age of 58, after a long struggle with cancer, leaves us bereft. He was loved here.

Ron was a consummate professional, and his gifts as a writer and editor helped shape this magazine for 30 years. His greatest legacy to us is the high standard of inquiry and fairness, of skepticism and decency, that he imposed on himself and on the magazine; he always reminded us when the scoundrel had been acquitted. He was inner-directed and mistrusted trends. He never failed to check writers' inclination to excess. As a colleague says, "In a conflict between poetry and truth, Ron came down on the side of truth." He hated what was false and had X-ray vision for it.



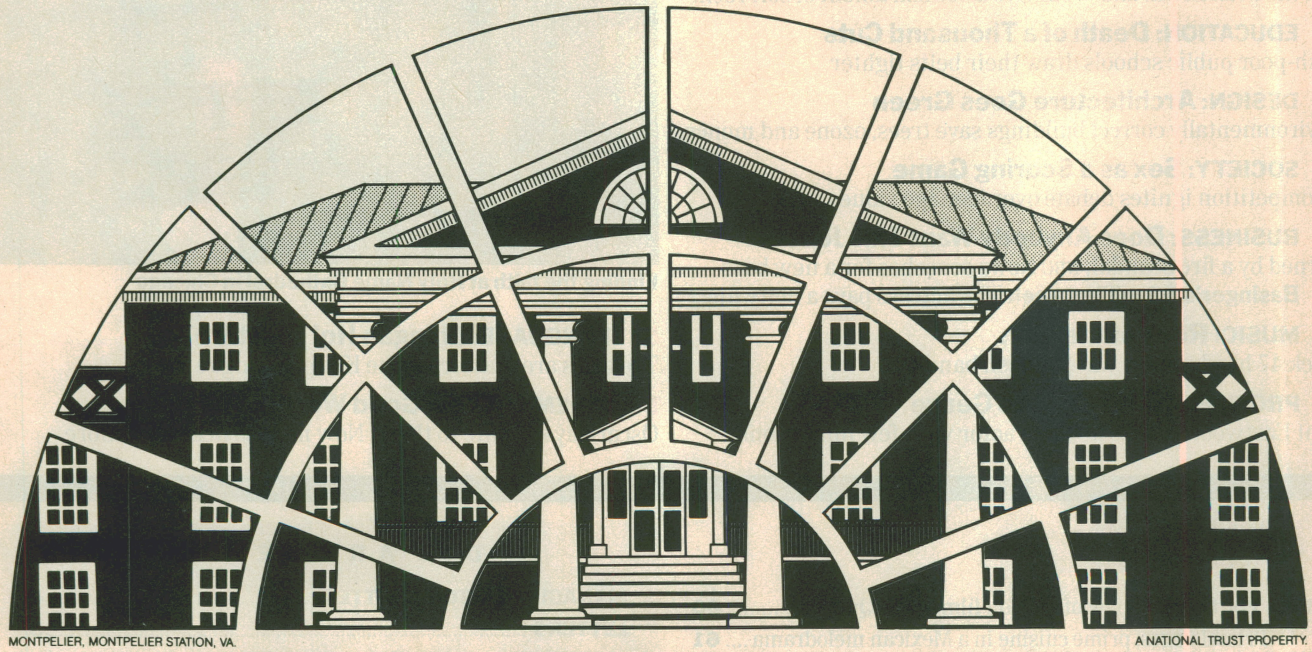
TED THAI FOR TIME

KRISS: A legacy of inquiry and fairness

Ron had been something of a child prodigy—admitted to Harvard at age 16—and all his life he kept a quality of eager boyishness that made an odd, attractive contrast to his professional polish, somewhat in the way that, for years, his youthful face contradicted his prematurely gray hair. He was famous for his democratically inclusive range of friends, many of whom showed up at his poker games (all pigeons welcome, from copyboys to senior editors). Ron's love of gambling had a certain raffishness about it. Keep the casino open. Give everybody some chips.

Ron loved cats (he had four at the time of his death). He kept their photographs here and there around his office. He and his wife Suzanne Richie transported the cats each weekend to their home in the Catskill Mountains. There he turned them loose to explore the outdoors that he had loved as a boy, when his parents brought him up from Brooklyn on vacation, to stay in summer cottages.

A magazine is, or should be, an organic thing that takes its life from the passions and prejudices and gifts of the people who produce it. This one took a lot of its spirit from Ron. We are pained to have lost him, but we cherish the example—and the memories—he left us.



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LETTERS

FAITH AS A WEAPON

> "The only antidote to the cult mentality is for a person to stand alone and figure out what is true."
>
> *Susan Munro*
> *Mill Valley, Calif.*

IT SICKENS ME TO THINK THAT AS FAR as we have come since the Inquisition, religious fanaticism still runs deep in our world. It doesn't surprise me that people like Waco, Texas, cult leader David Koresh and Muslim fundamentalist Sheik Omar Abdel-Rahman exist [COVER STORIES, March 15]. Obviously they are demented by nature. What is scary is that they can turn an average individual into a monster of blind faith.

Marcus Phillip Perrenoud
Costa Mesa, Calif.

SHEIK OMAR ABDEL-RAHMAN THINKS life in the U.S. "full of cruelty" and finds the West "fanatic about itself." If he is so unhappy, then why is he angry that the U.S. wants him deported? Didn't he say he left Egypt in 1990 because it was too much for him? Wherever it is that he wants to go, I'll buy his ticket. One way, of course.

Eve Marie Benson
Chicago

LANCE MORROW'S BLOWS AGAINST RELIgion because of some fanatic elements are sinister. Religion assisted in the demise of the Berlin Wall and serves to bring people of faith closer together for the good of all. The vast majority of religious people quietly provide conviction, hope and love worldwide every day, working for a better tomorrow.

(The Rev.) Daniel Gangler, Vice President
Religious Public Relations Council
Lincoln, Neb.

EVEN AS WE ARE SHOCKED BY THE events in Waco, let us be aware that the seeds of dependency are within each one of us. The tendency to look for security rather than take responsibility for our own lives is very strong. The only antidote to the cult mentality is for a person to stand alone and figure out what is true. As we look for help in making sense of our life and our world, we must learn to discriminate and see the motivation of any political or religious leader. True leadership will not bind us; it will set us free.

Susan Munro
Mill Valley, Calif.

YOUR REPORT ON DAVID KORESH AND his Branch Davidians was highly informative, although it is just part of the real story. That an unbalanced, charismatic man can convince 3,000 people from across the U.S., Britain and Australia that he is Jesus is not unbelievable. However, that more than 100 presumably well-trained federal agents would try to arrest Koresh—a violent individual—by moving over a vast expanse of open ground rather than make an arrest while Koresh was out jogging on a quiet Texas road misses being low comedy only by the gruesome loss of life.

Andrew H. Morrison
Danville, Va.

IF THE MESS IN WACO HAS EXPOSED THE dark side of religion, it has exposed the dark side of government even more. The Davidians were on their own property, minding their own business and had harmed no one. They were viciously attacked by armed agents. The bureaucrats whined that they were "ambushed." It is clear that the federal agents tried to ambush the Davidians, not the other way around.

Marshall P. Williams
Pasadena, Texas

We Consider Sloth a Virtue.

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This three-toed sloth has gotten a bum rap. It's hardly the lazy creature its name implies. In fact, the presence of sloth in a rainforest canopy can be a sign of a healthy ecosystem.

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Watch NATURE every Sunday on PBS. And become a Nature Conservancy member today by calling 1-800-628-6860. In the rainforest we consider sloth a virtue, but when it comes to protecting our natural heritage, you have to act fast.

The Nature Conservancy

NATURE

Write: The Nature Conservancy, 1815 North Lynn Street, Box PSA, Arlington, Virginia 22209
NATURE is produced by WNET/NewYork.

Press Problems

THANK YOU FOR YOUR INSIGHTFUL ARTICLE "When Reporters Break the Rules" [PRESS, March 15]. But the problem is even deeper than you suggest. President Nixon was forced to leave office because of, above all, the honest reporting of serious abuses of our constitutional system of government. We could have used more of this type of reporting during the recent scandals like Iran-*contra*, Iraqgate and the savings and loan debacle.

David Shuler
New York City

COMPETITION AND GREED HAVE TARnished hard journalism. The need to be fast and first precludes the ability to be accurate. The result is headlines that have little bearing on the news article's facts and quotes that are dangerously out of context. The perception of the media that the public wants the news immediately is a serious and inaccurate assumption. The public needs, and demands, accuracy—even if it takes a bit longer and some more hard work to ensure it. I am a professional photographer and writer, and my attitude has been one of support for the press. But knowing as I do the frequent errors in the reporting of events with which I am familiar firsthand, I seriously question the degree of accuracy of every news report I see, hear and read.

Howard M. Paul
Denver

Effective Treatment

YOUR REPORT ON THE DRUG CEREDASE, which is used in treating Gaucher's disease [BUSINESS, March 8], failed to describe accurately the circumstances surrounding treatment of the disease and Genzyme's role in the development of Ceredase. A reader would erroneously conclude that although the drug performs very well clinically, it comes with a crushing cost of $350,000 a year. On the contrary, the average annualized cost is about $140,000, the vast majority of which is appropriately covered by health insurance. Furthermore, as one study has shown, the cost of treatment can decline at a rate of 50% every 18 months as dosage is reduced, resulting in a much lower maintenance cost. Already 25% of the 2,500 prospective patients in the U.S. are receiving treatment. Your story implied that the Federal Government bore the majority of the risk in developing Ceredase, but without Genzyme's scientific contributions and financial support, those suffering from Gaucher's disease would still be without an effective therapy. We think it is important to set the record straight because Gaucher's patients may be misled into making inappropriate decisions affecting their health.

Henri A. Termeer, Chairman and CEO
Genzyme Corp.
Cambridge, Mass.

Enforcing the Law

IN THE COURSE OF TAKING SOME WELLdeserved shots at the now departed Bush Administration, TIME's article on "Law and Disorder" at the Justice Department [JUSTICE, Feb. 15] strayed far from the mark by unfairly implicating the career attorneys of the department as accomplices in advancing the Meese-Thornburgh conservative agenda. Your claim that "under Reagan and Bush, even the lowliest attorney had to pass an ideological litmus test" is ludicrous. As a career attorney in the Environmental Crimes section of Justice for six years, I can assure you that none of us, including the career managers, has ever had to pass a Reagan-Bush "ideological litmus test" in order to keep our jobs. Nor have we been reluctant to voice our opposition to some of the wrongheaded policies of the past 12 years. Even more grossly untrue is the claim that we haven't been doing our jobs. Before the Environmental Crimes section was conceived 10 years ago, there was virtually no criminal enforcement of environmental laws. The section has grown from two to 30 attorneys who have prosecuted more than a thousand indictments of corporations and individuals, winning at least $245 million in claims. We have convicted more than 500 corporate officials and government employees, obtaining prison sentences totaling more than two centuries. The Justice Department's career attorneys are entitled to far better treatment than you have given them.

Eric W. Nagle, Trial Attorney
Environment and Natural Resources Division
Department of Justice
Washington

Boot-Scootin' Boogie

IN YOUR STORY ABOUT THE POPULARITY of country line dancing [LIVING, March 15], you described people in boots and cowboy hats doing something called the Electric Slide. I was fascinated. Here on the East Coast, this dance has been hugely popular for years in New York City, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. But not in the category of country line dancing. It originated as part of an indigenous form of urban black funk, called the Go Go in the Washington area. I've danced it, although I'm neither black nor country. It requires no particular skill, only joy in your heart. From the inner city to western dancing? Talk about crossover!

Tom Morris Jr.
Arlington, Va.

Burdensome Names

Hervie Haufler of Grantham, N.H., identified with Lance Morrow's piece "The Strange Burden of a Name" [ESSAY, March 8]. Haufler wrote us, "I've long been amazed at the cruelty that parents can heap upon their children by the names they give them." He confessed to some resentment that his folks named him Hervie, but took consolation in the fact that other children had it worse, recalling the Hogg family of Texas, in which there was a daughter named Ima. (People like to believe there was another daughter, Ura.) And how about the Lear family, with an offspring called Shanda, and the Hoe family, who dubbed their child Heidi? Haufler remembered family friends named Dover, who were pressed by relatives to name their daughter Aileen. Alicia won out in the end. Another reader fondly reminisced about a fellow student at the University of Oklahoma—Never Fail, who was rumored to have two brothers, Always and Sometimes. We also heard from a few people who know name pain firsthand: James Bird Necklace of Rapid City, S. Dak., and Royce Handler Bernetich Handler Rosenbalm Handler of Long Beach, Calif., who has simplified things. She now goes by the sole name Royce.

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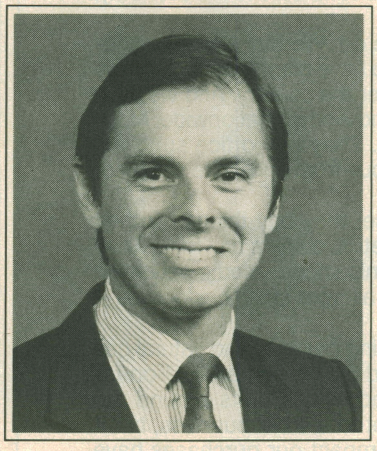

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Why not one set of rules for all people?

There's no business like small business—or so you might be led to believe. Businesses with under $10 million in taxable income, for example, will be subject to a lower corporate income tax rate under the Clinton Administration's proposed economic program. The professed theory being that the small-business entity is the backbone of the American economy and the provider of the bulk of the jobs across the country.

We think small businesses are important and should be encouraged, but there are two things wrong with that kind of thinking. First, are there two types of people in this country that employees and shareholders of one size firm should be treated differently from those of another? Second, where would some small businesses be without big business?

There is no doubt in our mind of the importance of the small business and its employees. But many of the small business jobs are created by big business. Thus, if government policy adversely affects big business, it could indirectly affect the ability of small business to create jobs.

We're not asking for any special treatment. However, we can't help but wonder whether it isn't time to remind the policymakers that BIG business and its employees and shareholders contribute to the economy, as well.

We know what small businesses can do. We buy a lot of equipment, materials and services from them. We have plants, office facilities and operations of one sort or another all over the country. And we have people running them—nearly 36,000 men and women nationwide. Mobil people. And they don't exist in a vacuum. They buy office supplies, screwdrivers, file cabinets, lunch. And they buy from an infinite variety of small businesses.

Once our people are out of the office, they buy things for their homes out of their salaries—furniture, cosmetics, diapers and food. They also buy jogging shoes, walking shoes, tennis shoes—some may even buy what we used to call "sneakers." And all from small businesses—certainly smaller than ours.

As a company, last year alone, excluding crude oil and natural gas purchases, Mobil paid vendors in the United States some $6 billion for equipment, materials and services needed by our units around the nation. That doesn't mean every dollar went to a small business, but it gives you some idea of the scope of the impact our purchases have across the economy. So, shouldn't our people count, too?

Looking at it from another angle, our Paulsboro, New Jersey, refinery made some $18 million in local purchases last year. Our people there know that one-third of their local suppliers and contractors are companies of 50 or fewer people—small businesses, in other words. From those particular companies alone, our Paulsboro purchases last year amounted to nearly $3.5 million or 19 percent of the refinery's total.

If we were to take 19 percent of Mobil's nationwide purchases in 1992 of $6 billion, it would come to nearly $1.2 billion—a lot of business for small business. You could get an even better idea of the positive effect big business has on small business if you were to take those numbers even further—beyond Mobil—to include, say, the top 500—or even 100—companies across the country. That would be some mighty big money for many small businesses.

The point we're trying to make here is fairly simple. Big businesses obviously have a very positive impact on small businesses in America. Moreover, we think our friends on the small-business side would agree with that statement.

What disturbs us is that government, in playing to what it conceives as populist sentiment, seems to be suggesting that those people working for, investing in and benefiting from BIG business somehow aren't as important as others.

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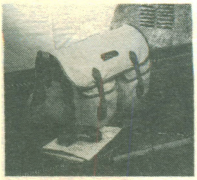

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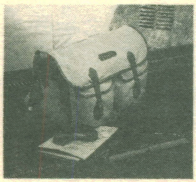

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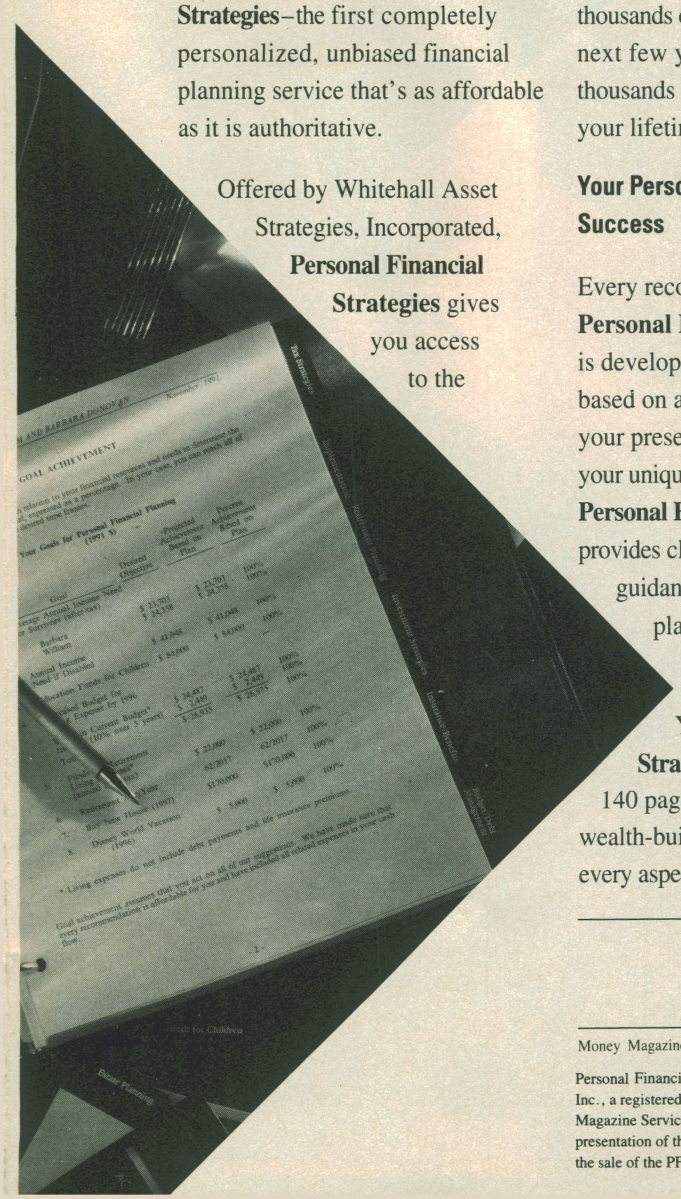

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GRAPEVINE

By CHRISTOPHER JOHN FARLEY

DENNIS BRACK—BLACK STAR FOR TIME

NOT OVER TILL IT'S OVER: Gays or no gays, Powell's not leaving

O.K., He'll Stay

COLIN POWELL ISN'T GOING TO RETIRE EARLY AFTER ALL, DESPITE a rocky first few months under President Clinton. In February he said he might vacate his position as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff "a month or two" early; now Powell has decided to finish his entire term, which ends on Sept. 30. Why the change of heart? If he resigns early, critics might claim the split between Powell and Clinton over gays in the military and other issues drove him out. Powell may be a military man, but he'd rather not leave office under a shower of flak.

VOX POP

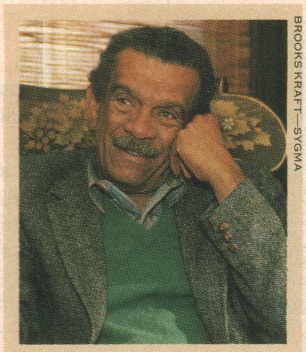
Do you favor or oppose a tax of $1 on a pack of cigarettes?

FAVOR	OPPOSE
63%	32%

From a telephone poll of 800 adult Americans taken for TIME/CNN on March 18 by Yankelovich Partners Inc. Sampling error is ± 3.5%.

And the New N.A.A.C.P. Head Is . . .

WHICH OF THESE GUESTS WOULD MAKE YOU STAY UP LATE TO watch *Nightline*? Jesse Jackson? **BEN CHAVIS**? That's the dilemma the N.A.A.C.P. has in picking a new executive director—they have talented candidates, but only one marquee name. According to sources both on and close to the N.A.A.C.P. search committee, Jackson and Chavis (an official with the United Church of Christ) now head the short list for the top spot. A choice will be made April 9. It's a tough call: Chavis probably can't generate the kind of attention the N.A.A.C.P. needs, but the mediagenic Jackson may be too big for the job, since the N.A.A.C.P. is also considering weakening the powers of the post. For now, Chavis is the front runner.



BROOKS KRAFT—SYGMA

Poetry in Motion

Nobel prizewinning poet Derek Walcott is one of many big-name alumni converging on the University of the West Indies campus in Mona, Jamaica, April 14-18. The event is U.W.I.'s Gathering of Graduates, and the guest list includes the Prime Ministers of Jamaica, Barbados and St. Kitts. While in Jamaica, Walcott will be raising money for a new Caribbean-based international center promoting the arts and the study of economics. He will announce the project this week in Boston.

He Loves to Fly, and It Shows

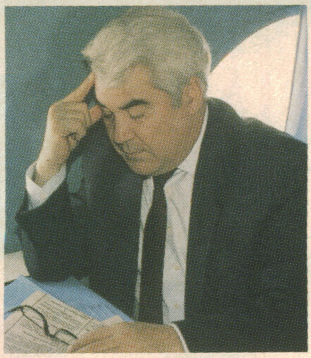
HEY, WHY LET A $420 MILLION NATIONAL DEBT GET YOU DOWN? Last fall **SAPARMURAD NIYAZOV**, the President of Turkmenistan, wanted an official plane for a state visit to Beijing. Though his country is saddled with that substantial debt, and although at least one bank refused a request to finance the purchase, Turkmenistan still wound up buying a pricey Boeing 737-300 by tapping into a multimillion-dollar German bank account with its share of the former Soviet Union's oil and gas pipeline proceeds. The new plane's cost: $40 million.

Beep, Beep. Bang, Bang.

IN TEXAS GUNS ARE PRETTY MUCH THE STATE FLOWER. NOW IT seems elements in the state may be exporting a new way to conceal some of that firepower: a holster that looks like a beeper. An internal San Francisco police bulletin warns cops to be wary of suspects using this product, available by mail order from Grand Prairie, Texas. An ad for the holster/beeper reads: "Fast. Safe. Discreet. Press button and front of case pops open and hinges down, allowing instant draw of gun."

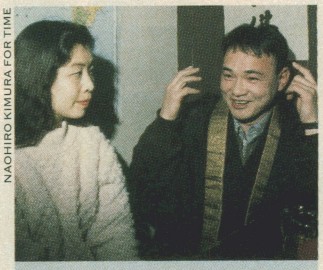
No Smoking. And That's an Order!

SEVERAL MONTHS AT SEA WITHOUT A SMOKE. IT SOUNDS LIKE A nicotine addict's nightmare, but actually it's just the new Navy. In July the aircraft carrier ***THEODORE ROOSEVELT*** will become the first major ship to ban smoking entirely. Violators will face reprimands or other disciplinary actions. The good news: gum chewing, previously banned on the ship, will now be allowed. The Navy will also distribute nicotine patches and conduct on-board briefings on how to kick the habit. The Navy hopes to make its entire fleet smoke-free by the year 2000. ■



RIA-NOVOSTI/SOVFOTO

HAVE DEBT, WILL TRAVEL: Niyazov in the air before his country bought new plane



NAOHIRO KIMURA FOR TIME

This Buddha's for You

In America people go to bars for a drink. In Japan they can now go to a bar for enlightenment. A new saloon has opened in Osaka featuring friendly conversation over a glass of sake with an on-premises Buddhist priest. Patronage has been steady, with discussion topics ranging from personal problems to Japanese political scandals. The bar is the brainchild of an ex–bar owner named Manabu Yoshida and Fumihiko Kiyoshi, a Buddhist priest whose sect emphasizes preaching. The two bill their venture as "a temple that is in harmony with our age."

DOD

NO IFS, ANDS OR BUTTS: Smoking on this ship could get you into a sea of trouble

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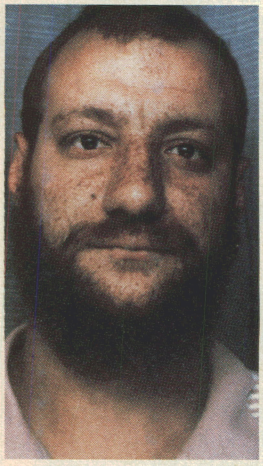
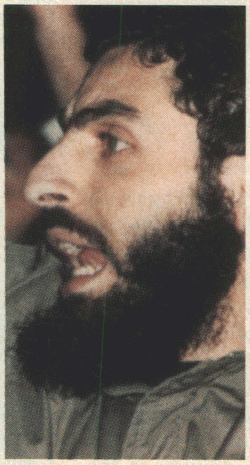

ANDY UZZLE—SYGMA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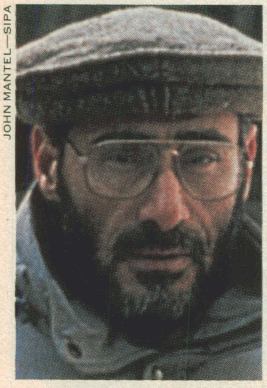
ALEX BRANDON—AP


JOHN MANTEL—SIPA

INDICTED QUARTET: From top left: former cabby Mahmud Abohalima, who was seized in Egypt; Mohammed Salameh and Nidal Ayyad, like Abohalima accused of aiding and abetting the bombing; Ibrahim Elgabrowny, charged with obstructing justice. All four men are pleading not guilty.

From Egypt, with Intense Suspicion

A suspect in the World Trade Center bombing is flown back to the U.S.

THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT KNEW IT WAS GOING TO face charges that it is in Uncle Sam's pocket. So it tried to pretend that Mahmud Abohalima asked voluntarily to go back to the U.S. In fact he was arrested by Egyptian security forces in a town near Alexandria and flown back last Wednesday to the U.S., which he had fled shortly after the Feb. 26 World Trade Center bombing. A 12-car motorcade whisked him from an upstate New York airport to Manhattan, where he was arraigned for allegedly aiding and abetting the bombing. Abohalima, a former New York City–area taxi driver, pleaded not guilty; his attorney charged that he had been tortured for 10 days by Egyptian authorities. Abohalima, said the lawyer, had been hung "like a shish kebab."

Another suspect, Bilal Alkaisi, surrendered voluntarily in Newark, New Jersey, and was held for a bail hearing this week. That brings to five the number in custody and may be close to completing a roundup; authorities are believed to be looking for only one other suspect. But it scarcely completes the investigation. Abohalima and two of the other suspects have been arraigned only on general aiding and abetting charges (like another suspect accused of obstructing justice, they have all asserted innocence). Authorities have yet to spell out any theory of who did what: Who actually made the bomb; who drove the van containing it into the trade center? Abohalima has been described in some press reports as the mastermind, but some authorities view him as a bombmaking "consultant." Debate rages too about the motive and whether the bombers were directed by foreign terrorists or were just a bunch of freelance zealots. *(See related story on page 32.)* ■

Easy Win in the Senate

An earliest ever budget measure passes; stimulus might face trouble

"THE WHIP HAS BEEN CRACKED," GRUMBLED REpublican curmudgeon Jesse Helms. Yes, and hard enough that a rare visit by Vice President Al Gore to the Senate chamber turned out to be totally unnecessary; there was no tie for him to break. President Bill Clinton's budget resolution sailed through, 54 to 45, with only two Democrats joining a solid Republican bloc in opposition to the proposal.

That result was foreshadowed by a closer vote on a Republican amendment attacking what the G.O.P. claims is the President's most unpopular proposal: to impose income tax on 85% of the Social Security pensions of upper-income retirees, vs. 50% now. The Republican bid to reject that idea lost by a vote of 52 to 47. The final vote marked the first time since the present procedure was adopted in 1974 that the Senate had approved a budget resolution as early as March. Because the House of Representatives previously passed an only slightly different measure, odds are that a compromise setting broad dollar goals for spending and revenues will clear the full Congress before the Easter recess starts on April 2.

A much dicier showdown, however, is coming this week, when the Senate takes up Clinton's plan for a quick $16 billion spending stimulus to the economy. Again it faces solid Republican opposition (though probably not a filibuster), and this time more conservative Democrats may defect. Clinton planned to get on the telephone to waverers, and his bill probably will pass in some form. But without weakening amendments? Stay tuned. ■

Riding the Dinosaur

Clinton plays his first round of the presidential press-conference game

BILL CLINTON, ESTABLISHED WIZARD OF HIGH-TECH communications, finally bowed to the antiquated ritual of the East Room press conference, favored forum of the White House press corps. Using humor

and knowledge to parry 31 questions ranging from budget to Boris Yeltsin, Clinton showed himself a master of the ring for nearly an hour, with only one small glitch. That was a hint that if he lifted the ban on gays in the military, they might be placed in segregated units. While such a compromise was tossed around in the testy debate between President and Pentagon, the White House began taking even that back within minutes of the press conference, leaving a perfect score of no news for Clinton's East Room debut. Every thought, every nuance on policy, in fact almost every word had been spoken before in one of the many media Clinton now exploits.

John Kennedy, who more or less designed the big White House press conference, used it to ladle out dollops of new fact laced with Kennedy glamour. That has all been turned on its head. The 150 or so correspondents now prepare themselves to trap the President for a minidrama on the nightly news, while he arms himself to deflect their barbs or smother them in warmed-over words. A game is afoot. This round went to Bill Clinton by an Arkansas mile. Next time . . . well, given the President's determination not to filter his proposals through the contentious corps, next time may be many months away. Then there is the thought that this ritual ought to expire, as a great dinosaur should. ■

SWIFT JUSTICE Last Tuesday, after being on the job only 11 days, Attorney General Janet Reno had the Justice Department moving and shaking. She requested the prompt resignation of all 93 U.S. Attorneys around the country "to build a team" that represents "my views" and those of the President. Although expected eventually, the move triggered alarms at the Washington prosecutorial office, which has been probing the finances of a key Democratic floor captain, House Ways and Means chairman Dan Rostenkowski. Reno insists there was "no linkage" between the dismissals and the probe, which insiders say will continue.

WORLD

He's Up. He's Down. But Is He Out?

Though Yeltsin's crisis churns on, a compromise is still possible

ELECTIONS—SOME KIND, SOMETIME. THAT PROPOSITION began emerging as the key to resolution of Russia's political crisis, although it remained unclear if in fact one can be reached. Early in the week Russia's Constitutional Court ruled that President Boris Yeltsin's proclamation of "special rule" was unconstitutional, a declaration expected to form the basis for impeachment. But when Yeltsin finally published his decree for an April referendum on his own rule and the outline of a new constitution, it did

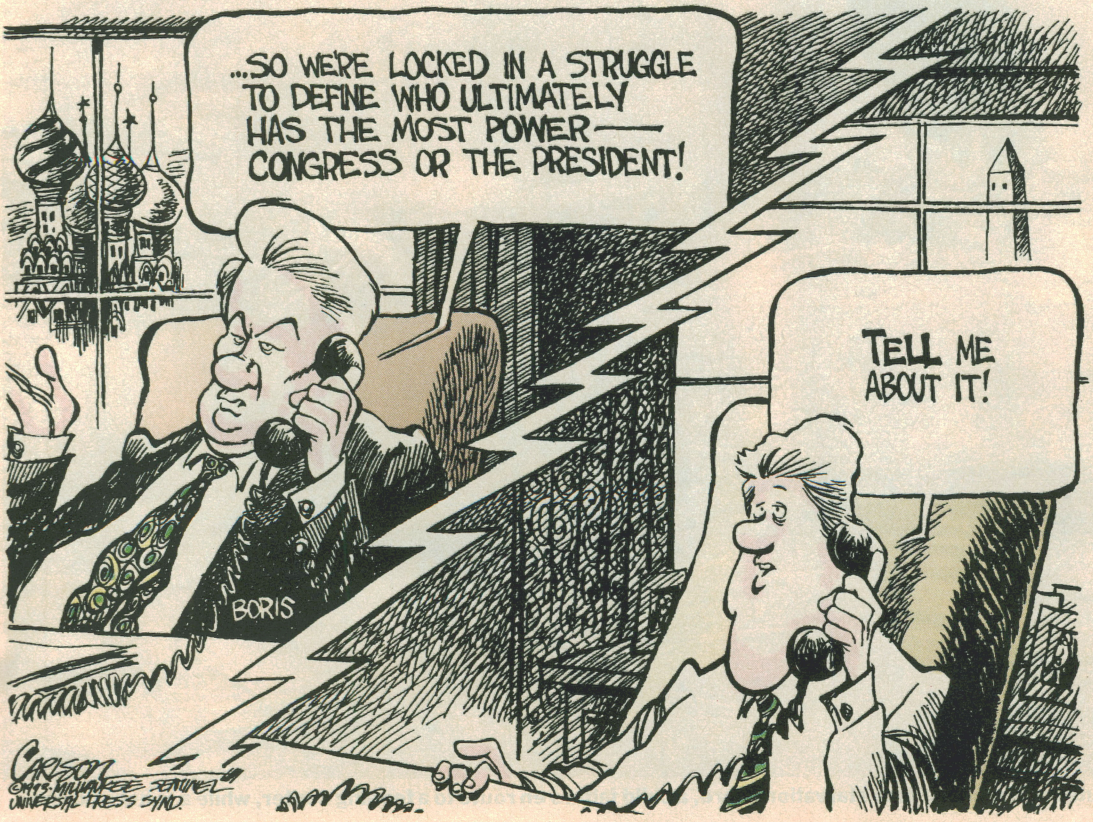
DIRCK HALSTEAD FOR TIME

57% Hillary Clinton

49% Hillary Rodham Clinton

What's in a name? About 13 points, say G.O.P. pollsters Fabrizio McLaughlin. Americans give "Hillary Clinton" a favorable/unfavorable rating of 56.8% to 25.6%. "Hillary Rodham Clinton" gets 49.4%/30.6%.

POISON PEN



"Regrettably, the more often [the Deputies] gather, the more alarmed are the citizens of Russia."

—President Boris Yeltsin, 1993

not mention special rule. The court looked at best overly hasty and partisan in condemning a nonexistent document. Many voices, including Orthodox Patriarch Alexei II, began urging compromise.

By the time the Congress of People's Deputies met Friday, even Yeltsin's archenemy, Ruslan Khasbulatov, was disavowing impeachment. However, that issue remains in doubt. A bid to put impeachment on the congressional agenda was attempted Saturday, but won only 475 votes. It would take 689 to oust Yeltsin, who called for another round of talks to end the crisis. Khasbulatov and other opponents decided to reconsider Yeltsin's call for an April vote of confidence, and to add questions of their own on elections and economic reform. When the Congress convened, Yeltsin was predicting that "there will be no winners. It will be a tie." Breaking that tie may take time, and chaos may continue, but the country seemed ready to pull back from the brink. *(See related stories beginning on page 22.)* ■

A Newly Opened Book

De Klerk discloses the history of South Africa's nuclear bombs

THE QUESTION HAD BEEN HANGING THERE THROUGH years of isolation and sanctions against the apartheid regime: Did South Africa have the Bomb? Last Wednesday in Cape Town, President F.W. de Klerk finally provided an answer, and then some: Yes. But not just one. There were six.

Opening the book on his government's nuclear-

CAMERA ANGLE

KEVIN CARTER

IN EXTREMIS: A million southern Sudanese face starvation. Here, a child falters en route to a feeding center, while a vulture hovers.

weapons program, De Klerk announced that after he became President in 1989, he ordered the dismantling and destruction of the secret "nuclear-fission devices" that had been manufactured in the 1970s. The government's strategy at that time, he said, was to use the weapons' "deterrent capability." If a Soviet-backed onslaught against South Africa became critical enough, the major powers would be told of South Africa's nuclear arms capacity to persuade them to intervene.

That strategy was obviated, however, by the removal of the Soviet threat and the start of political negotiations within South Africa. In 1991 De Klerk's government acceded to the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty and signed an inspection agreement with the International Atomic Energy Agency. "South Africa's hands are clean," said De Klerk. "We are concealing nothing." ■

Left in the Lurch

A rightist landslide buries France's ruling Socialists

"IN SPITE OF OUR MISTAKES, AND THERE WERE some, I truly don't think we deserved this," said former Prime Minister Michel Rocard as the returns poured in during the first round of France's parliamentary elections. Voters thought otherwise. Rocked by scandals and blamed for France's 10.5% unemployment rate, the ruling Socialists plunged from 34.7% of the vote in 1988 to 17.6%. The conservative alliance between former Prime Minister Jacques Chirac's Rally for the Republic (R.P.R.) and ex-President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's Union for French Democracy took 39.5%, which France's voting system was expected to translate into a huge majority of about 460 of the 577 National Assembly seats in this past Sunday's runoff. That will leave Socialist President François Mitterrand to "cohabit" with a hostile rightist majority until his term ends in 1995. His probable choice as Prime Minister: R.P.R. Deputy and former Finance Minister Edouard Balladur, 63. ■

Down to the Wire Again

As Bosnia's President signs a peace plan, Serb fighters press eastward

WITH FAST-MOVING SERB COMBATANTS ON ONE track and the painfully deliberate forces of international diplomacy on the other, the struggle to resolve the civil war in Bosnia has turned into a hare-tortoise race. With more than two-thirds of the former Yugoslav republic under their control, Serb nationalists continued to drive eastward, occupying about one new village a day, toward Muslim Srebrenica. A U.N.-sponsored relief effort to airlift the ill and injured out of Srebrenica collapsed when Serb gunners shelled mission helicopters, killing two.

At U.N. headquarters, Bosnian President Alija Izetbegovic, a Muslim, finally signed on to a four-part peace plan calling for dividing the Balkan country into 10 semiautonomous regions. On Friday General Ratko Mladic, the commander of Bosnia's Serbs, agreed to a cease-fire early this week. Whether that amounted to a real military pause just short of the goal—or a ploy—remained to be seen. ■

MICHEL EULER—AP

HELP FROM ABOVE: French helicopters braved shelling to airlift women, children and wounded soldiers from Srebrenica

Political Cross Fire

Netanyahu and Weizman, poles apart, gain office in Israel

ONE IS A HAWK, THE OTHER A DOVE. EACH HAS NOW soared to great political heights in Israel. Former Deputy Foreign Minister Benjamin Netanyahu, 43, was elected chief of the opposition Likud bloc, and ultraleftist politician Ezer Weizman, 68, was chosen by the Knesset to be Israel's next President, a largely ceremonial post.

With the articulate and popular Netanyahu at the head of the opposition, the government of Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin will probably face a tougher time selling its policies. Trickiest will be Rabin's proposal to return at least part of the Golan Heights to Syria, a move opposed by Netanyahu and about half the population. Concessions for peace will have an eloquent advocate in Weizman, a former Defense Minister and chief of the air force and one of Israel's most flamboyant politicians. Once an avid hawk, Weizman now supports withdrawal from the Golan, direct negotiations with the P.L.O. and the establishment of a Palestinian state. ■

Kill No More

The murders of two children trigger a backlash against the I.R.A.

THERE IS SELDOM SOLACE IN THE DEATH OF CHILdren. Yet delicate sprouts of hope seem to have come from the tragic murders of Tim Parry, 12, and Johnathan Ball, 3, caught two weeks ago in a vicious Irish Republican Army terrorist bomb blast that

tore through a British shopping mall. Susan McHugh, a Dublin mother of two, was so angered by the violence, which claimed six more lives last week, that she has started a new movement to search for peace in Northern Ireland. Hundreds of concerned people turned out for an organizing meeting last Wednesday. McHugh said the I.R.A. "does not kill in the name of Ireland. Most people here are ashamed of these slaughters." ■

JAMES KEYSER FOR TIME

BUSINESS

The King of Beers Gets a Crown

Anheuser-Busch's Budweiser teams up with Mexico's Corona

IT MAY BE THE MOST POTENT SYMBOL YET OF THE new economic order being ushered in by the North American Free Trade Agreement: Anheuser-Busch, makers of Budweiser, the basic American workingman's beer, has agreed to buy 18% of the Mexican maker of Corona, favored foam of gringo yuppiedom. Anheuser-Busch, the St. Louis–based sultan of suds, has paid $477 million for nearly a fifth of Grupo Modelo, S.A. de C.V., the king of beers south of the border. The deal, which could be the first step toward an even greater presence in the Modelo empire, is Anheuser-Busch's first major investment in a big-time foreign brewery. The move marks a departure for the American brewer—entering foreign markets by buying into popular local brands rather than pushing its own. ■

A Chip with Zip

Intel's new Pentium breaks new ground in desktop computing

IT'S HARD TO TELL WHICH IS FASTER THESE DAYS, the speed of data as they pass through increasingly efficient chips or the speed of change in the personal-computer industry. Thanks largely to recent innovations in microprocessor technology, many of today's desktop machines are just as powerful as closet-size mainframes. The latest entry is the Pentium, a new chip developed by Intel that is almost as fast as some supercomputers. The chip, the size of a thumbnail, contains 3.1 million transistors. Not only does the Pentium—which will be the "brain" of personal computers—have plenty of giddyap, it will be priced at levels that are relatively low for new-generation processors. PCs incorporating the Pentium could cost as little as $4,500.

The Pentium is the latest success story for U.S. chipmakers, which in the past two years have regained most of the ground lost to their Japanese rivals during the 1980s. American companies have also scored significant success in Japan. But talks between Tokyo and Washington on continued access to Japanese markets have hit a snag. ■

ROBERT LANDAU

BIGOT'S SPECIAL Denny's, home of the grand-slam breakfast, is getting slammed. A class-action suit alleges that West Coast outlets required money up front from black patrons and refused them standard offers like free birthday meals. An ex-employee has separately charged Denny's with discriminating against black workers. Denny's says it has ended the offenses and launched a minority-hiring program.

Caught in the Act

Baxter pleads guilty to complicity with the Arab boycott of Israel

THOUGH IT HAS BEEN AGAINST THE LAW SINCE 1977 for American firms to cooperate with the Arab boycott of Israel, the Clinton Administration has sent U.S. companies a strong reminder by levying the first criminal penalty in such a case. Baxter International, the world's largest hospital supplier, pleaded guilty to violating provisions of the law that forbids U.S. companies to provide the Arab League with information about their dealings with Israel. The U.S. government, which began investigating the matter three years ago, fined Baxter $500,000 in the case. Baxter will pay an additional $5,959,000 to settle separate civil proceedings. The company is also proscribed from doing business with Syria and Saudi Arabia for two years. ■

Comes a Cookie Man

IBM's new boss is used to selling a wholly different kind of chip

HANGING OUT A "HELP WANTED" SIGN FOR A NEW chief executive officer at a company like International Business Machines should have brought a long line of eager job seekers. It did not. Instead many chief executives, including Apple Computer's John Sculley and Motorola's George Fisher, went out of their way to avoid being drafted. The Big Blue board eventually settled on Louis Gerstner, chairman of RJR Nabisco, although he has absolutely no computer-industry experience. Gerstner's main qualification is his ability to turn companies around by cutting costs, but he will have his work cut out for him at IBM, which has lost $7.8 billion in the past two years and cut 100,000 jobs since 1985. As the first non-IBMer ever to head the company, Gerstner will have to win over IBM's shell-shocked work force, which fears even more job cuts. ■

No-Fall Stocks

Citibank offers a market-linked instrument that apparently can't lose

DERIVATIVES, THOSE HOT "BASKETS" OF FINANCIAL products that balance risky but potentially lucrative investments with conservative ones, are at your corner bank. For people rolling over IRA and Keogh money, Citibank offers a five-year deposit account with income tied to Standard & Poor's 500 stock index. Put in $10,000 now when the S&P is 450, and if the index average climbs 150 points by 1998, Citibank will return $6,660 along with the principal. Next to a conventional five-year CD, which would pay $2,613, the stock-linked account looks like a skyscraper. Should the market dive, the bank's customer, unlike the stockholder, retains the full initial investment. He also has FDIC insurance, which no broker can match. Great upside possibilities. No downside. ■

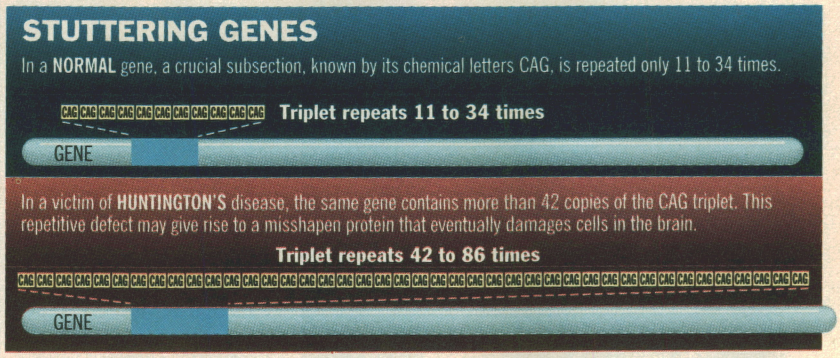
HEALTH & SCIENCE

Deadly Copies

Researchers locate the gene that causes Huntington's disease

FINDING CERTAIN GENES CAN BE AS DIFFICULT AS LOcating a phone number without an address or a last name. Ten years after researchers figured out that the gene that causes Huntington's disease, an uncommon degenerative brain disorder, was located somewhere on the fourth of 23 pairs of human chromosomes, an international team of scientists has pinpointed the actual hereditary entry responsible for the disease.

What they found was a biochemical equivalent of a debilitating stutter: a defective gene that includes too many copies of one crucial subsection of the DNA molecule. The more extra copies, the more severe the symptoms and the sooner they occur. In the past two years, three other conditions, including a form of muscular dystrophy, have been traced to such hereditary hiccups. With the Huntington's gene in hand, researchers can now develop more accurate diagnostic tests. They may also prove better able to predict at what age a person will succumb to the disease. ■



HIV Ambush

Studies show the AIDS virus hides out in lymph nodes before it attacks

BECAUSE HALF OF ALL PEOPLE INFECTED WITH HIV live for 10 years, showing very few viruses in their blood before developing AIDS, conventional wisdom held that the deadly invaders were dormant much of that time. Not so, say two studies in *Nature*. The intruding virus immediately produces millions of copies that lie waiting in lymph nodes, pea-size organs found throughout the body. Once key parts of the immune system are destroyed, this reservoir of viruses spills over into the blood. Such a massive behind-the-scenes attack may make it impossible to rid the body of the viruses. The researchers note that these findings underscore once again the importance of prevention in fighting the spread of AIDS. ■

Venus Beach

NASA finds evidence that the hot, dry planet was once awash in water

ALTHOUGH VENUS IS HAILED AS THE EARTH'S TWIN because the two planets are almost identical in size, no human would ever mistake the searing 900°F temperatures of its surface for home. Yet the earth's nearest neighbor may have once been more hospitable. Scientists for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration announced that Venus may have been covered by a shallow sea, 25 ft. to 75 ft. deep, 3 billion years ago. Data sent back by the Pioneer probe on its final plunge through Venus' atmosphere last October revealed an unusually high concentration of heavy hydrogen, also called deuterium, which can be explained only if the planet was once much wetter.

Researchers admit their evidence is at best suggestive. However, they calculate that the ocean could have lasted hundreds of millions of years before boiling away in Venus' runaway greenhouse effect, certainly enough time for life to have come—and gone. ■

Mini-Mammoths

Smaller versions of the woolly beasts may have outlasted the Ice Age

EVERY SCHOOLCHILD KNOWS THAT WOOLLY MAMmoths died out at the end of the Ice Age, about 10,000 years ago. Well, maybe not. A team of Russian scientists reported in *Nature* that the beasts may have survived until 2000 B.C. on an island off the coast of Siberia. The researchers uncovered 29 fossilized teeth that range from 4,000 to 7,000 years of age. In a survival technique that has since been copied by human institutional giants, the prehistoric pachyderms adapted to their confined island circumstances by downsizing their bulk. Extrapolating from the small tooth size, scientists calculate that the mini-mammoths stood 6 ft. tall at the shoulder, compared with 10 ft. for their full-size counterparts. Still unclear: whether climatic changes or human hunters triggered their final, belated fall. ■

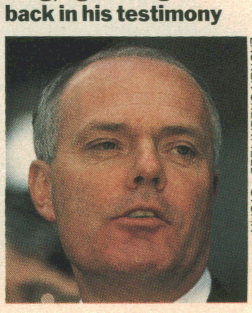
SOCIETY

The Best Defense . . .

An L.A. police officer takes the stand in the Rodney King beating trial

THREE WEEKS AGO, RODNEY KING TESTIFIED COMpellingly about how Los Angeles police clubbed him in the head and shouted racial slurs during his notorious videotaped beating two years ago. This time it was a tough-talking Stacey Koon, one of

ON THE OFFENSE: Sergeant Stacey Koon, who used a stun gun in his attempt to subdue King, again fought back in his testimony



LAUREN GREENFIELD—SYGMA

RONALD C. MODRA—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

BIONIC BO Two years ago, he was on crutches. But as he proved last week, Bo Jackson has been doing more than making commercials since his hip-replacement surgery last year. When the Chicago White Sox decided to keep him on for the 1993 season, it marked a milestone on the comeback road for the former two-sport superstar, who trained relentlessly to get his new hip in shape. Says Bo: "I never doubted myself." Nor did his fans, who knew Bo had mettle even before the aluminum hip.

four officers on trial for violating King's civil rights, who contended that King brought the beating on himself. Koon, the commanding officer on the scene, told jurors that King displayed threatening "hulk-like strength," appeared to be high on drugs and failed to heed police commands. "He made all the choices, all the wrong choices," said Koon. When a flurry of baton blows had no effect, "I then ordered the officers to attack his joints," Koon recounted. "The intent I had was to cripple him, to break bones, to make him unable to push off the ground." The defense got further support when the judge refused to allow into evidence passages from a draft copy of Koon's book, *Presumed Guilty,* about the incident, in which the author makes racially inflammatory statements. ■

The Ripper's Tale

A soon to be published book claims to be Jack's own

TED BUNDY. AILEEN WUORNOS. ANDREI CHIKATILO. Now that such real-life mass murderers have had their day in the media sun, isn't it about time the original celebrity-psychopath got to take a bow of his own? Have no fear; coming this fall to a bookstore near you is *The Diary of Jack the Ripper,* courtesy of U.S. publisher Warner Books and Britain's Smith Gryphon. The tome purports to offer the authentic contents of a journal penned by the legendary London killer who slashed his way into infamy over three months in 1888 by murdering and mutilating at least seven and perhaps as many as 14 prostitutes in the city's tawdry Whitechapel district. The published edition promises to include a facsimile of the Ripper's confessional document, a transcript and material authenticating that the book is the work of Jack himself. Bill Waddell, curator of Scotland Yard's closed archives, says, "The evidence is unique. It cannot be dismissed." ■

A BREAK FOR HUNT A state judge has ordered a time-out in the bitter brawl between Alabama Republican Governor Guy Hunt and Democratic state attorney general Jimmy Evans. Judge Randall Thomas dropped a dozen theft charges against Hunt for allegedly diverting $200,000 in inaugural and campaign funds to his personal use in the late 1980s, ruling that the indictment came after a three-year state statute of limitations had run out. One ethics charge—punishable by up to $10,000 and 10 years behind bars—did beat the clock. On that one count, said the judge, Evans can proceed.

MILESTONES

DIED. Steve Olin, 27, and **Tim Crews,** 31, professional baseball pitchers; in a boating accident; on Little Lake Nellie, near Clermont, Florida. The two Cleveland Indians relief pitchers were aboard a motorboat piloted by Crews when it struck a dock at high speed. Also aboard was Indians pitcher Bob Ojeda, 35, who was seriously injured but is expected to recover.

DIED. John Hersey, 78, novelist and war correspondent; in Key West, Florida. Hersey was born in China to traveling American missionaries. Early in his writing career he covered the Far East as a TIME correspondent. Hersey's 1945 novel, *A Bell for Adano,* which won him a Pulitzer Prize, and his 1946 *Hiroshima,* a searing report of the world's first atom bombing, are considered classics of war literature.

DIED. Polykarp Kusch, 82, physicist and educator; in Dallas. Kusch was awarded a Nobel Prize in 1955 for experiments that yielded fundamental insights into quantum electrodynamics. Born in Germany, Kusch immigrated to the U.S. and worked for Bell Laboratories. In 1949 he became chairman of Columbia University's physics department.

DIED. Ellen Garwood, 89, conservative benefactor and anticommunist; in Austin, Texas. Garwood became nationally known in 1989 when she testified before Congress on behalf of Oliver North during the Iran-*contra* hearings. Her strong anticommunism led her to donate more than $3 million to the National Endowment for the Preservation of Liberty, a conservative fund that aided the Nicaraguan *contras.*

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By BRUCE W. NELAN

RUSSIA

A FRIEND IN NEED

In peril at home, Yeltsin heads for a summit with Clinton, hoping it will save his reforms

THE COLD WAR OFFERED FEW grander pageants than summit meetings between the leader of the free world and the ruler of the Soviet empire. Whether the venue was Vienna, Washington, Moscow or a brooding house by the sea in Reykjavík, the sessions carried an air of high history, a sense that the fate of the earth depended on how these two men got along. As the leaders greeted each other, TV cameras carried the handshake around the world and commentators tried to read far-ranging implications in this smile or that frown.

All that was supposed to change when the Soviet Union imploded. Meetings between the presidents of the U.S. and Russia would become routine affairs, the participants no longer meeting as adversaries and their decisions no longer worth banner headlines. When Bill Clinton and Boris Yeltsin meet in Vancouver this weekend, the tensions between the two countries indeed will be gone. Instead of bickering over missile throw weights and Third World hot spots, Bill Clinton and Boris Yeltsin will spend most of their seven hours together poring over loan schedules, monetary policy and investment

UNDER SIEGE AGAIN: An anti-Yeltsin demonstrator waves an old-style Soviet banner outside parliament

strategies as they map out a program of aid from the West for the East.

The Vancouver summit, however, will be as momentous as any get-together conducted during the chilliest days of the cold war. If the U.S. does not succeed in helping Moscow stay on the path of economic and democratic reforms and Yeltsin is ousted, the West will almost certainly face a leader in the Kremlin far less friendly to its interests. Yeltsin's ongoing tussle with a naysaying parliament keeps reminding nervous Western leaders just how big a stake they have in the success of his leadership and reforms. Moscow without Yeltsin could decide to withdraw its support of sanctions in Yugoslavia and instead back the Serbs in their bloody campaign for territory. A new regime could decide to reannex the Baltic states, repair relations with Iraq or refuse to honor approval of the START 2 disarmament treaty. The specter of renewed confrontation with a conservative, nationalist Russia that might attempt to revive the ways of the Soviet empire—forcing the U.S. to give up the defense savings it had meant to use to finance domestic economic recovery—helped make the case with the American people for why an old enemy needs help now.

CYNTHIA JOHNSON FOR TIME

PARTNERSHIP IN THE MAKING: **Clinton affirmed his support for Yeltsin, as the Russian President fended off an impeachment drive**

Moscow's feuding politicians could hardly have set the summit stage more dramatically if they had planned it that way. On Saturday an attempt to put the question of impeaching Yeltsin on the agenda failed by a vote of 475 to 337. The Congress of People's Deputies seemed prepared to accept a proposal to hold a national vote of confidence on the President, but the mutual recriminations began again when Deputies tried to slip a loaded, antireform question onto the referendum ballot and demanded a purge of Kremlin aides whom they blamed for leading Yeltsin astray. Infuriated, the President accused the Congress of seeking confrontation and called for a new round of talks to end the power-sharing crisis. Unable to reach a decision, Deputies adjourned for the day, leaving open the possibility that they might raise the question of impeachment again this week.

Bill Clinton came to Washington on a promise to do more to promote democracy in Russia; a summit with Yeltsin was one way to do it. The U.S. President hardly expected to find the issue dominating his agenda so abruptly, but faced with a possible collapse in Moscow, he plunged in. He gave his first formal press conference last week, knowing Russia would be the main

CHUCK NACKE—PICTURE GROUP FOR TIME

topic. Spokesmen for the Administration hewed to a consistent theme, articulated first two weeks ago and repeated by Clinton in an opening statement, that placed Washington firmly behind the Yeltsin program. "The U.S.," he said, "supports the historic movement toward democratic political reform in Russia. President Yeltsin is the leader of that process."

Administration officials explained that they were trying to register support for reform and the popularly elected President without giving their imprimatur to the positions he took in his constitutional dispute with parliament. If their calibrated response was intended to turn aside charges that the U.S. was meddling in Russia's internal affairs, it did not succeed. Many Russians, including Yeltsin's chief rival, parliamentary Chairman Ruslan Khasbulatov, expressed resentment. "Why should they pin the label of anti-reformers on us?" he demanded. *Pravda* commentator Viktor Linnik wrote that because the U.S. wanted to keep Russia weak, "no substantial aid to Russia has been delivered over the past 18 months."

Providing more aid is the second, harder part of Washington's plan to bolster Yeltsin. How much and what kind of assistance will be the centerpiece of the summit talks, to be held in the cliff-top house of the chancellor of the University of British Columbia and at Canada Place, a modern harborside pavilion. Topic A will be direct financial aid from the U.S. and the ways Washington can increase the flow of private trade and investment. The Administration has concluded, says a White House official, that "the best way for us to keep reform going is to make sure we're engaged economically." Since two-way trade last year totaled a modest $3.8 billion and Americans invested only $400 million in Russia, there is room for growth. In Vancouver, Clinton will announce an expansion of government services to make such transactions easier for American traders and investors.

Presidential backers: "All honest people are for Yeltsin!"

MALCOLM LINTON—BLACK STAR FOR TIME

Clinton is convinced that to help Yeltsin strengthen his hold on power, the U.S. must deliver visible, practical assistance to Russia quickly. He will offer an aid package weighted toward outright grants

LOOKING FOR MR. GOOD CZAR

By **JOHN KOHAN** MOSCOW

AT A HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BLOCK IN MOSCOW'S PEROVSKY district, residents gather in the parking lot to chat about the latest events of a country in seemingly perpetual shock. These garage-door gossips have exchanged plenty of heated words about Boris Yeltsin—but that was before the Congress of People's Deputies threatened to impeach him. Now all of them back the Russian President.

Yeltsin has more than enough enemies. To fanatical nationalists he is the Judas who sold his country to the West for 30 silver dollars. Russians disgusted with politics claim they see no real difference between Yeltsin and his parliamentary rivals. Still, the worrisome events at the Congress have turned many fence-straddlers overnight into ardent Yeltsin supporters.

It is not that life under Yeltsin has been particularly good for his newfound fans. Some in the Perovsky district cannot make ends meet on the salaries they earn at state-run hospitals or research institutes. Most are concerned that their life savings will be devoured by hyperinflation and do not know what to do with the fancy new vouchers the government gave them to help privatize the economy. But they were beginning to believe better times lay ahead. Now they fear that if the parliament succeeds in further diminishing Yeltsin's power, the suffering will start over again. Their consensus on the Congress: Throw the bums out!

Yeltsin is betting that tens of millions of ordinary Russians share these sentiments and will turn out to back him in an April vote of confidence. By tradition and temperament, Russians have little patience for the parliamentary gab sessions they have been watching on television for a year now. They know that as long as the talk continues, nothing will be done to fix the economy. Moscow commentators have compared events in Russia with the corruption scandal shaking the political system in Italy. But if you ask Russians, they would gladly endure the turmoil going on in Rome—as long as they could enjoy the Italian standard of living.

Parliamentary chairman Ruslan Khasbulatov and his army of Yeltsin-baiting Deputies may not realize it yet, but they have done the President a favor by trying to impeach him. Before the crisis, his popularity was slipping. The moment the Congress attacks began, his approval rating began to climb. "Going after Yeltsin was like waving a red flag at a bull," says a middle-aged chauffeur at the Perovsky garage. "Whatever we may have thought about the President before, he now has our 100% support. It's in the Russian character to stick up for the underdog."

Russians have always had a soft spot for Yeltsin, who faced down the tanks of the old regime in August 1991. Their enthusiasm began to fade only when he successfully elbowed his way into Mikhail Gorbachev's Kremlin office later that year. This week the besieged President is a populist hero again. The Moscow rumor mill churned out one pro-Yeltsin story after another—and no one much cared if they were highly exaggerated or totally wrong. How turncoat Vice President Alexander Rutskoi pinched a copy of Yeltsin's unfinished decree on "special rule" and gave it to the opposition. How Constitutional Court chairman Valeri Zorkin brazenly handed the grieving Yeltsin a copy of the court's negative verdict at his mother's funeral.

But can the President turn sympathy into solid political support? History is on Yeltsin's side. Says Moscow journalist Yuri Shchekochikhin: "People are fed up with this sense of drift and powerlessness at the top. They want a good czar to put things in order." As good czars go, Yeltsin seems genuinely committed to democratic reforms—not that his ideological leanings seem to matter to supporters who admire him more for his combative spirit than his views on market economics. The White House

rather than more loans, which Russia is already finding hard to repay. The plan will put together $417 million now available and another $286 million Clinton is requesting from Congress for humanitarian and technical aid.

The $703 million total is a relatively small amount, planners admit, but much of it can be spent right away and will go to projects the Russians have urgently asked for. "We've done a lot of work with the Russians," says the White House official, "talked to them about what's most important." That could include money to build housing for former army officers, modernize Russia's oil industry, expand private efforts like the Salvation Army's Moscow soup kitchens and expedite the delivery of critical medical supplies. Administration aides know that even this size program will not be popular with American voters, but say the President will go to bat for it publicly and may even ask for more. "Clinton's not afraid of this one," says a senior official.

The big-ticket items on Yeltsin's list will require larger, multilateral, long-term assistance. Decisions on those programs will be worked out after Vancouver, at a preparatory meeting of the Group of Seven industrial democracies in mid-April and at their summit in July.

WASHINGTON BELIEVES THAT the $24 billion multilateral aid package announced by the West a year ago was not carried through because Western governments did not respond with enough energy and imagination when Russia's faltering economy made it impossible to meet various conditions for receiving the money. Still, the Russians cannot honestly claim they have received nothing. Between 1990 and 1992, the world pledged $81 billion to the former U.S.S.R., and $57 billion has been paid or is on its way, though most of that money was in loans.

Clinton is pushing the G-7 hard to do more, starting with rescheduling Russia's foreign debt of around $80 billion—even though Moscow may never repay some of the loans. The U.S. is urging the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund to find ways to help stabilize the Russian economy and the ruble and to ease some of their restrictions. The Administration says the World Bank is taking too much time to design its assistance programs. "The priority," says a White House official, "should be getting resources on the ground and doing something in 1993."

Economics is also at the root of the Russian parliament's challenge to Yeltsin. For months, lawmakers have been trying to rein in his liberalized prices and his plans to privatize land and modernize industry. They say reforms that have produced painful side effects like 2,500% annual inflation, a 19% drop in gross domestic product last year and the threat of vastly increased unemployment are more than the Russian people can bear. Since December, the parliament, led by Khasbulatov, has been hacking away at Yeltsin's powers, determined to stall or divert the President's efforts to turn Russia's subsidized, militarized economy into a free market. One form of unemployment the Deputies particularly oppose is their own; they have no enthusiasm for new elections in which they might lose their seats.

The hot word in the political debate remains *impichment*, impeachment, an imported term that Russians were using to mean "vote Yeltsin out." That is a mis-

A 1918 Deputies' meeting was cut short: attempts to share power have never really got off the ground

may believe it is helping Yeltsin by praising him as Russia's sole democratic hope, but he can suffer from being identified with the West in a country that has been traditionally xenophobic.

Moscow politicians venerate the Russian constitution these days as if it were the work of Alexander Pushkin. But it is doubtful whether Russia has progressed in its legal thinking from the days of the failed Decembrist uprising against Nicholas I in 1825. Soldiers protested then under the slogan FOR CONSTANTINE AND CONSTITUTION—believing that "Constitution" was the wife of their candidate for the throne, Grand Duke Constantine.

Yeltsin knows he must hang tough, if he wants the people to support him. Throughout Russia's troubled history, compromise has always been considered a sign of weakness. In 1905 Czar Nicholas II bowed to public pressure and established a duma, but the nominal parliament proved so rebellious that he dissolved it twice and finally altered election laws to keep out radicals. The communists took a no-nonsense approach to the Constituent Assembly popularly elected in November 1917. After the first day of debate ran into the early hours of the morning, a sailor, fed up with the proceedings, sent the Deputies home with the comment, "The guard is tired." The communist leaders never allowed them to meet again. As parliamentary leader Ramazan Abdulatipov observed, "When Russians say they have reached an agreement, what they really mean is that the other side has accepted their position." ■

THE THREAT THAT LINGERS

THE THREAT ONCE POSED BY THE SOVIET MILITARY MACHINE HAS VANished along with the Soviet Union, but Russia still has thousands of nuclear weapons that could destroy the U.S. in less than an hour. As President and commander in chief, Boris Yeltsin has the power to use them. In a political crisis, the West naturally seeks reassurance that the finger on the nuclear trigger is steady and that the missiles are under control.

"We are monitoring that very closely," Bill Clinton said last week. "We have no reason to be concerned that the command-and-control procedures have been interrupted." That process is more complicated in Russia than in Washington, where Clinton has instant access to the "nuclear football," an attaché case containing the codes that launch U.S. missiles.

According to a new study by Bruce Blair of the Brookings Institution, the Russian President and Defense Minister must jointly transmit an order to fire missiles to the uniformed chiefs of the general staff and the rocket forces, who both hold the launch codes. This Russian form of group responsibility depends on the military's obedience to political leaders. If Yeltsin was ever forced out of office, Vice President Alexander Rutskoi would be his legal successor; if Yeltsin refused to accept dismissal, which of the two would the generals choose to obey? Whatever they might decide, the ability to launch the missiles would remain in the hands of the military.

Just as worrisome are the former Soviet warheads outside Russia's control. Ukraine, where 176 intercontinental missiles are based, has pledged to dismantle them under the two START treaties and sign the nuclear nonproliferation agreement. But it has taken no steps in that direction, and Foreign Minister Anatoli Zlenko said last week that the political turmoil in Russia made his country less willing to let go of its missiles. Even "more precarious" and harder to control, says Blair, are 600 nuclear bombs stockpiled in Ukraine that belonged to the former Soviet Union. Ukraine wants security guarantees and aid from the U.S. and Russia before it agrees to give up all its nuclear arsenal. ■

ROBERT WALLIS—SABA FOR TIME

Russian missiles that can destroy the U.S. in less than an hour

translation of the long legal process by which the U.S. can dismiss a President, but Russian parliamentarians are also vague about the concepts of *demokratiya, konstitutsiya* and *zakonnost* (legality). Despite much ostentatious talk of legality, post-Soviet Russia is still a place where the law and its institutions are in flux.

Nevertheless, Khasbulatov insisted as last week began that Yeltsin had violated the constitution when he claimed "special rule" over the country pending a national referendum on April 25. The referendum would call for a vote of confidence in the President and propose a new constitution that would replace the Congress with a bicameral parliament and restore Yeltsin's executive powers. Khasbulatov, a former professor of economics, demanded a judgment by the Constitutional Court. Even though the decree Yeltsin said he had signed had not been published, the court obliged, ruling that the President could not legally declare one-man rule or call a referendum, though he could ask the nation for a vote of confidence.

The court's Chief Justice Valeri Zorkin did not use the word *impichment* in his advisory opinion, but that did not slow down Khasbulatov. "It's absolutely clear," he insisted, "that there are grounds for initiating the impeachment process." Members of the parliament weren't all as sure. Khasbulatov settled the debate by ramming through a summons to the parliament's parent body, the 1,033-member Congress of People's Deputies, to meet on Friday to consider removing Yeltsin from office.

Anxious Deputies milled in the corridors. "My conscience tells me to vote for impeachment," said a well-dressed Moscow representative, "but I have my managerial position to consider." Another claimed, "The majority is on our side." But, the Deputy wondered, "how can our thousand-member Congress rule Russia?" Surveying the scene, a Russian journalist observed, "It's scary. If they vote in favor of impeachment, how are they going to enforce it? Secondly, they are not sure of the people's support." In Paris, Pierre Hassner, research director of the University of Paris Political Science Foundation, put it more sharply: "Everyone was scared of doing something irreversible and ending up with another Yugoslavia or Lebanon."

The mood of crisis began to cool when the missing Yeltsin decree was finally distributed, four days late. Surprisingly, the text, dated March 20, did not contain the words declaring "special rule" that the court found impermissible, nor did it declare that parliamentary action against Yeltsin's decrees would be automatically invalid, as he had threatened. Instead, it scaled down the President's power grab by allowing the Constitutional Court to decide if congressional attempts to overrule the President were valid.

On the eve of Friday's full Congress session, Yeltsin urged the Deputies not to press ahead with the vote to remove him, warning that it could "plunge the people into the abyss of confrontation." Whether Khasbulatov was responding to that or had just counted heads and found he could not muster the two-thirds vote necessary, he too stepped back. Conceding that he may have overreacted to Yeltsin's "special rule" speech, he withdrew his demand for impeachment. "Frankly," he said, "I am not a supporter of impeachment. I don't think that among all measures we should immediately talk about the most extreme one."

By the time the third session of the Congress in three months gathered in the Grand Kremlin Palace on Friday, the impeachment drive was losing its momentum. Although the Kremlin rang with bitter invective, the hard-liners did not have the votes to depose Yeltsin. Zorkin, the Chief Justice who had set the impeachment bandwagon in motion, instead offered a 10-point plan for national reconciliation similar to Yeltsin's own program, including a referendum on a new constitution and a law abolishing the Congress in favor of a bicameral parliament.

At the Saturday session, Khasbulatov, true to his earlier recantation, tried to head off the vote on the motion to consider

sacking Yeltsin. "Impeachment, impeachment! What is this word impeachment?" he said, mocking the use of the foreign term. He was clearly relieved when the motion did not attract enough support to be placed on the agenda.

Opposition members appeared resigned to holding a referendum and tentatively approved one for April 25, but then moved to undercut it by adding the question, "Do you support the President's economic-social reforms?" Since Russians are feeling the pain and dislocation associated with the reforms, many might say no, and Yeltsin's foes could then say he had been repudiated by the people. Yeltsin objected, but the Congress gave preliminary approval to the amendment. Said Sergei Baburin, a leader of the hard-line Russian Unity faction: "If the President loses that vote he should resign." One fierce anti-Yeltsin Deputy, Nikolai Ryabov, went even farther, demanding that the President and Khasbulatov "make a joint decision to resign voluntarily."

In a weary, rambling speech Saturday afternoon, Yeltsin suggested that in a week of compromise talks with Khasbulatov, Zorkin and Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin, he could produce an agreement that might end the power struggle. He offered to make "certain changes" but rejected a call for a "coalition government" that would include members of the opposition. "We have convened to find accord," Yeltsin said. "If we disperse in disagreement, the Russian people, our voters, will not understand."

The President's face looked puffy, and he paused often, setting off mutters among his foes that he was drunk. Maria Sorokina, a Deputy from Lipetsk, her voice almost breaking, went to the podium to say she had been a Yeltsin loyalist and had worked for his election in 1991. No longer, she said. With heavy sighs, referring to the President's speech, she asked, "How long will we put up with this disgrace?" Yeltsin's aides later explained that he had not slept for three nights and was exhausted. "These are difficult days," Yeltsin told reporters, citing the death of his mother two weeks ago. "I spent 10 difficult years living with her in a small hut, and it is hard for me to bear this loss."

Asked who ultimately would win the struggle, Yeltsin replied, "There will be no winners." Though he may still get his April referendum, he was right about the absence of a winner. It seemed likely that Khasbulatov and his parliamentary allies would continue to sit belligerently in the Russian White House thinking up new ways to thwart the President, while Yeltsin remained in the Kremlin, issuing orders that officials who really make or break reform often ignore. As long as these rivals remain at odds, the government and its reforms will be stalemated. ***—Reported by James Carney and Yuri Zarakhovich/Moscow and J.F.O. McAllister/Washington***

ADVICE FROM TWO OLD PROS

The former President met with the Soviet leader in Moscow in 1991

In the midst of Russia's crisis, TIME *contributor Hugh Sidey talked with Richard Nixon, and contributor Christopher Ogden interviewed Mikhail Gorbachev, who was on a visit to Calgary, Alberta.*

RICHARD NIXON

ON THE U.S. AND YELTSIN: Without our help, [he] will certainly fail. The choice we have here is between Yeltsin with his weaknesses and an alternative. Having met all the players, I can say there's not one of them that would not be worse. They are strong men and they are able men, but all of them would slow down economic reforms. **ON RUSSIAN LAW:** The constitution is just a jerry-built thing and needs to be changed, and that's what Yeltsin wants to do. **ON CLINTON'S SUPPORT FOR YELTSIN:** I think Clinton is making a gutsy call, really the mark of a leader. There's no question a majority of the American people at this time would oppose aid to Russia. Clinton realizes that if the Yeltsin government goes down, it means the peace dividend is down the tube and the defense budget has to be increased by billions of dollars. **ON WESTERN AID TO RUSSIA:** It has to be substantially more than has currently been discussed. We must avoid doing just enough to get our feet wet, but not enough to work. If we're not prepared to do the whole job, then we should stay out of it. **ON GORBACHEV'S FUTURE:** The Russians are not going back to Gorbachev. He's a man without a party. The Russians are also not going back to communism. Even the Russian Speaker [Khasbulatov], who wants power, doesn't want to do that.

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV

ON RUSSIAN POLITICS: The Congress wanted to do some irreversible damage to the President. The Congress did not succeed. The President too wanted actually to dismiss the Congress. It is not proper for the President to do such things. Neither side can win outright, and that's good. Thank God for that. We don't need victors in this situation. **ON THE NEXT STEP:** Early elections are what our democracy needs now. As early as May. New elections will bring in some very good people, some new forces. **ON THE COUP THREAT:** We have a different kind of society now. Those who shout that the President should firmly adhere to the constitution would fully unmask themselves if they tried to do something unconstitutional while he was away. So I think there's no problem in Yeltsin's coming to Vancouver. **ON U.S. SUPPORT:** I think you have to invest in the new Russia, in our common future. I mean not just financial investment. I mean also political investment. You should support the process of reform. You should support all those who are realistic. Don't just look at those people waving the red banners. This is not Russia's mood. **ON WHETHER HE WILL RETURN TO POLITICS:** I could answer the call. If I saw that Russia was in a critical state and that all of us Russian citizens who could do something should do something for the country, I would do it. But I don't see that kind of situation. ■

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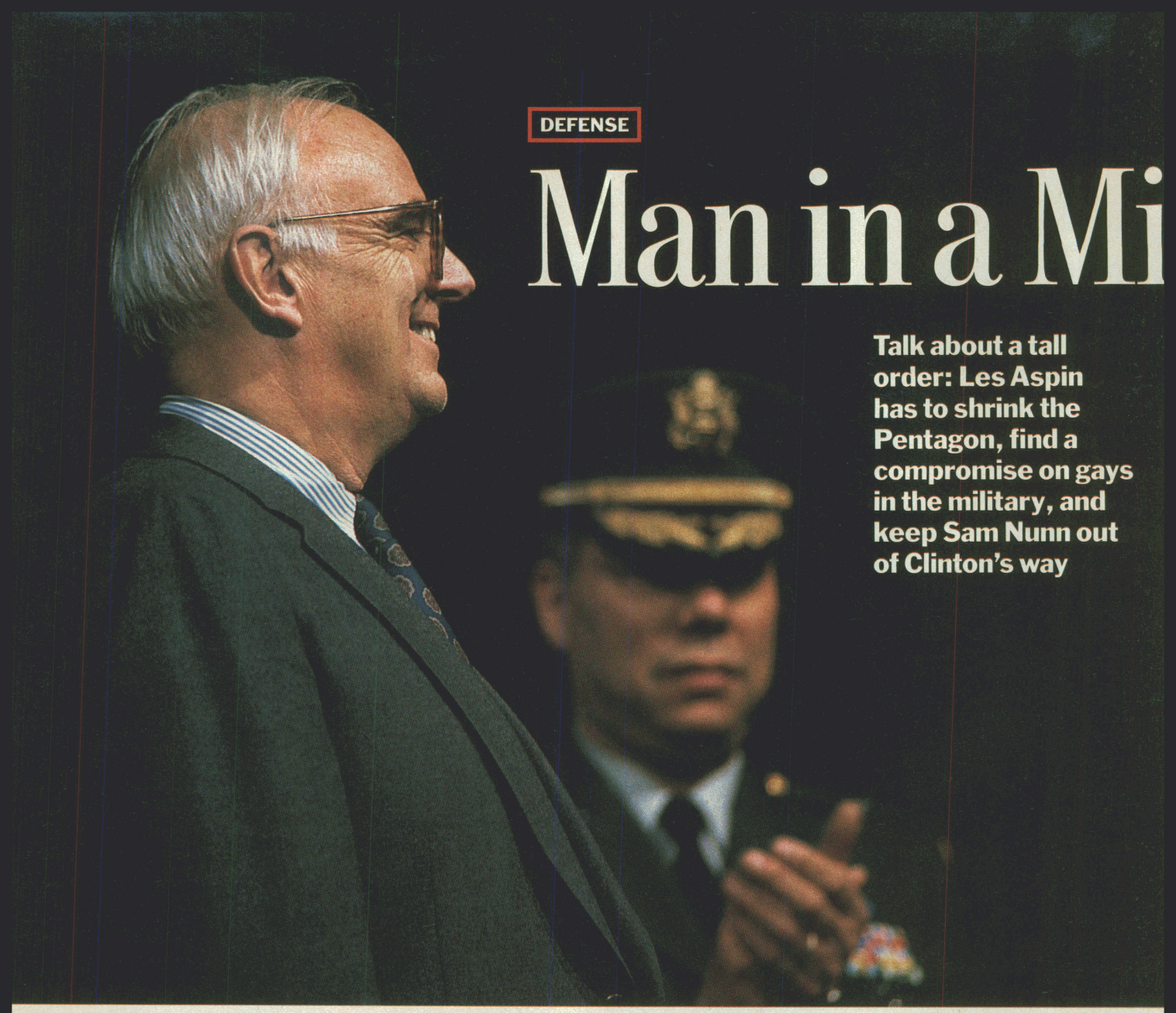
DEFENSE

Man in a Mi

Talk about a tall order: Les Aspin has to shrink the Pentagon, find a compromise on gays in the military, and keep Sam Nunn out of Clinton's way



By **BRUCE VAN VOORST** WASHINGTON

FOR MORE THAN 20 YEARS, CONgressman and military wonk Les Aspin fantasized about becoming Secretary of Defense. Now, as he sits behind the huge desk in room 3E880, the top office in the Pentagon, Aspin's dream job has become something of a nightmare. His problem is in the timing. Rather than building an empire as his cold-war predecessors did, he has the task of bringing the Pentagon down to size and opening it up to diversity. That means smaller budgets, fewer troops, less new hardware, a streamlined bureaucracy and the possible integration of gays into the service. Making matters worse is the strong culture clash between Aspin's boss and the people in uniform. They don't like Bill Clinton much, and they assume he feels likewise.

If anyone has the knowledge and nerve to pick his way through the minefield, Aspin is the one—provided his health holds up. The Secretary, 54, suffers from hypertrophic cardiomyopathy, a heart malady causing shortness of breath and dizziness. Nine days after doctors installed a pacemaker in his chest, the irrepressible Pentagon chief was back in form last Saturday. Looking wan but energetic, the Defense Secretary showed his mastery of detail as he briefed reporters on the Administration's proposed 1994 defense budget of $263.4 billion, down $10 billion from the current year. The budget is the first installment in Clinton's proposal to slash a total of $124 billion from defense spending over the next five years.

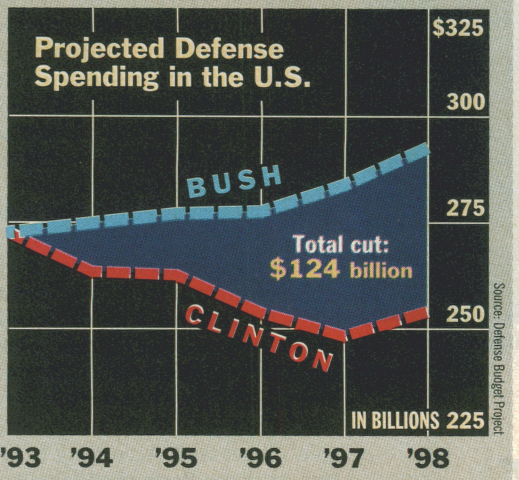
While the House and Senate have approved Clinton's economic plan in principle, his Defense Secretary will face plenty of flak on the particulars. The newest argument that defense hawks may deploy is that the shaky situation in Russia could lead to a more hostile regime there. Last week the Pentagon chief acknowledged that possibility even while heading off second thoughts about the peace dividend. "Some of the big changes in the former Soviet Union are irreversible," he said. "For now, we can continue bringing down defense spending." So far, the public agrees. In a TIME/CNN poll, 53% of the adults in the survey said Clinton's proposal to reduce the size of the armed forces would not threaten national security.

Thanks to his expertise, Aspin has earned the respect of top brass like Powell

Even before that issue comes to a head, Aspin will face congressional scrutiny on another highly emotional issue. This week the Senate Armed Services Committee will begin hearings on the practical implications of Clinton's proposal to allow gays in the military. The hearings will provide a prominent stage for committee chairman Sam Nunn, who opposes much of Clinton's defense policy, especially on gays. The President stumbled into a faux pas on the issue

nefield

DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT



CLINTON'S CUTS Reduction of active forces by 9% (1994 savings: $6 billion), scrapping part of the Star Wars program ($2.5 billion), early retirement of Navy ships ($1.2 billion), reduction in Army divisions from 14 to 12 and tactical air wings from 28 to 25 ($800 million).

ADDITIONS $914 million for more F-16 aircraft, $300 million for peacekeeping activities, $40 million to curb the proliferation of nuclear and biological weapons, $400 million to boost U.S. efforts to rid former Soviet republics of nuclear weapons.

during a press conference last week when he said, in response to a reporter's question, that he would consider separating members of the military according to sexual orientation. While the White House tried to portray his remarks as indicative only of his open-mindedness, both sides in the debate promptly condemned the idea.

The Defense Secretary's biggest challenge will be to diminish the hostility and mistrust between the White House and the Pentagon, which came into full bloom when Clinton clashed with Joint Chiefs Chairman Colin Powell on the gay issue. "Not since Carter has a President been so disliked by the military," said a Joint Chiefs staff officer. Uniformed personnel ranging from privates to generals routinely refer to their Commander in Chief as "Slick Willy" and "Draft Dodger." Beyond the financial affronts like Clinton's proposed government pay freeze, which will save $18 billion in military spending, the ranks are rife with bogus stories that Clinton forbids officers to wear their uniforms in the White House and that the First Lady refuses to ride in cars with them.

Aspin, by contrast, is respected for his abiding fascination with defense policy, a strength he will need in the coming budget battles. "He's the only one who can stand toe-to-toe with Nunn and slug it out," said a Pentagon insider. The President relies almost exclusively on Aspin for military advice, though the Secretary's foreign-policy influence has been reduced because of his illness. The Pentagon chief has assembled one of the finest teams of national-security wonks anywhere in government. The problem, however, is the White House has held up his nominations because the roster failed to include enough women and minorities. After two months in office, he has only one confirmed aide, his deputy William Perry.

The Secretary's doctors, who say his operation went "perfectly well," contend that with proper medication and enough rest, he will be fit for the job he has wanted for decades. A Wisconsin native who graduated as a Phi Beta Kappa from Yale, triple-majored at Oxford (economics, politics, history) and earned his doctorate in economics at M.I.T., he first worked in the Pentagon as an aide to then Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Aspin entered Congress in 1971 with a maverick, antiwar attitude. Serving on the House Armed Services Committee, he earned a reputation as "Dr. No," but during the 1980s moved toward a more centrist position.

Though Aspin ranked seventh in seniority on the committee, his expertise on military matters so impressed his colleagues that he beat out two contenders, including the chairman, for the top job in 1985. He promptly showed his shrewd, dealmaking side by setting up what is euphemistically called the Member Services group on his staff. Aide Larry Smith, now counselor-designee at the Pentagon, ran what was really an old-fashioned political pork operation, assuring committee members that their interests would be looked after in exchange for their vote on committee affairs. Committee members who went along got along. Those who crossed him, like former Representative Albert Bustamante, found their pet projects unfunded. "We played hardball," said Smith, "but it shaped up the committee."

Aspin shone during the Gulf War, when he accurately predicted one week before the air attacks that "prospects are high for a rapid victory with light to moderate casualties." His casualty projections for the allied forces were far below the Pentagon's own figures—and were right. He told Bush he supported the operation but warned it would require congressional approval. Within days, Bush sent a letter asking for congressional support. Had he not, Aspin told his policy advisers privately, "I'd have led the move to impeach him."

IN 1992 THE CONGRESSMAN PRODUCED the seminal, four-scenario "A B C D" defense-options study, which impressed Clinton. "They think alike," said an aide to the Secretary. "They both like substance and structure." Option C of his study, which called for $60 billion in cuts from Bush's program over four years, became the cornerstone of Clinton's defense program. During the campaign, Aspin wrote the defense plank in the Democratic platform and became Clinton's sole briefer on security issues for the campaign debates. "It was pretty predictable that Aspin would become Secretary," concludes one of his aides.

Not inevitable, however, for Aspin is not everybody's cup of tea. Many members of Congress, especially in the liberal wing, believe he betrayed them by supporting such weapons systems as the B-2 and Strategic Defense Initiative. For all his charm, he is a loner, a shy person who finds it distasteful to court constituents. "Don't try to describe Les as a *real* human being," says an associate with a laugh. His big smile and firm abrazo notwithstanding, he isn't captivated with small talk. Says a friend, "As he whispers in your ear, his thoughts may be 6,000 miles away." A teetotaler with a consuming passion for food in all its varieties, he is a well-known workaholic; he supposedly sails for relaxation, but he sails alone. His total devotion to work is generally given as the explanation why his first marriage failed and why he hasn't remarried. He lives alone in a disorganized Georgetown row house piled high with books (his latest read: a McNamara biography). An associate says Aspin's idea of a vacation is "thinking defense in a different setting."

The most painful criticism of all for Aspin is that he remains conceptually a Congressman, with neither the administrative experience nor the decisiveness necessary at the Pentagon. He laughed out loud hearing himself described in one profile as "Hamlet, the Prince of Indecision." Congressman John Spratt of South Carolina, Aspin's colleague on the Armed Services Committee, declares this as nonsense. "Les is decisive when the time comes." Now it has arrived. He must assemble a staff, help broker a compromise on gays in the service and defend his Administration's historic downsizing of the world's largest military force. A tough job even for someone who always wanted it. ■

ABC NEWS VIA REUTER

Agents escorted a bruised and disoriented Mahmud Abohalima into New York City's FBI headquarters

TERRORISM

So Glad to See You

The return of a chief suspect in the tower bombing nearly completes the roundup, but a few mysteries linger

By DAVID VAN BIEMA

IN A GRAY ROW OF COMPANY HOUSING on a dusty back street of the town of Kafr el Dawar in the Nile delta, a man answers the door, yet again. He wears a striped galabia and a look of exhaustion. "I am sorry," he says, "but I cannot talk. I am the father of Mahmud, but I don't know anything about him." Outside the house, a teenage boy says he is Mahmud's brother. Mahmud is not here. He left 14 years ago and never came back.

There is some doubt as to whether the brother is speaking the truth. Mahmud Abohalima, according to his lawyer, did indeed return to his parents' house on March 13. But before he had spent a day there, he was captured, spirited away and last week handed over to American authorities as the latest and most impressive trophy in the uncannily successful hunt for the perpetrators of the Feb. 26 bombing of the World Trade Center.

Last Thursday authorities paraded five of their six prime suspects—Abohalima, Bilal Alkaisi, Mohammed Salameh, Nidal Ayyad and Ibrahim Elgabrowny—into the U.S. District Court building in Manhattan's Foley Square. All five pleaded not guilty to charges related to the bombing. Ayyad, a chemical engineer, said, "I swear on the Koran, my wife, my children and my family and all I hold dear to me that I am not guilty and had nothing to do with this." The denials of the defendants notwithstanding, FBI and police investigators felt they had apprehended the core members of the terrorist conspiracy. Wider conspiracy theories about sponsors and trainers in Iran or Iraq began to fade away. Said James Esposito, head of the FBI's Newark, New Jersey, office: "The circle is now very narrow."

The puzzle had seemed less complete just a few days earlier, a condition best symbolized by the figure of Abohalima himself, or rather by his absence. The investigation had already yielded three imprisoned suspects, a cache of bomb-making chemicals, and the beginnings of a money trail. But it had not produced a ringleader; someone not quite "the John Gotti of this group," as a New York sleuth told New York *Newsday*, but the "guy [who] runs the crew."

Abohalima seemed to fit that profile. Having come to the United States via Germany and attained permanent alien status as a "farmworker" under a 1986 immigration law, the 6-ft. 4-in., 240-lb. redhead had in reality toiled as a cabbie—a crooked one, his former boss suggested. He journeyed to Afghanistan in the late '80s to fight as a member of the Islamic, antigovernment *mujahedin*. More to the point, he was close to Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman, the fiery blind Muslim preacher whose fundamentalist sermons may have inspired the alleged bombers. Abohalima acted as the sheik's driver and did chores around the clergyman's house. When a rival of the sheik's in the Brooklyn, New York, fundamentalist community was stabbed and shot to death, Abohalima was considered a prime suspect. One federal official said of him and the bombing, "He has the expertise."

And an airline ticket. Shortly before Mohammed Salameh, the renter of the fatal Ryder van, was arrested, Abohalima literally took flight. Some thought to South Africa; others to Pakistan. One official merely lamented, "He's been lost track of. God knows where he is now."

God and the Egyptian government, it seemed. According to his lawyer, Jesse Berman, Abohalima made pilgrimage to Mecca and then Medina, Saudi Arabia, before being picked up by Egyptian police at the house in Kafr el Dawar at 2:30 one morning. They hustled him to parts unknown and, over 10 days, "strung him up like a shish kebab" for torture, beating him, burning him with cigarettes and forcing him to call his family and beg them to pretend never to have seen him, his lawyer said. (They apparently feared publicity would make whatever they would do with him next more complicated.) The Cairo government denies all this. A family member, however, had already disclosed the news of Abohalima's capture to his brother Mohammed, who lived with him in New Jersey. And Mohammed let the information slip to the FBI during a five-hour interrogation.

Then came a round of intense and delicate U.S.-Egyptian negotiations. The Egyptians admitted to having Abohalima, but they wanted to avoid the publicity of a formal extradition process. What emerged, as described by a White House official, seems rather improvised: "We had an arrest warrant for him. We told them that. They thought about it, and they turned him over to us."

On Tuesday three FBI agents and a New York City police detective left Kennedy airport on a chartered plane. They arrived in Cairo at midnight. Two hours later, they took off again, with Abohalima on board. At Stewart airport in upstate New York, they were met by guards with ma-

chine guns and a 12-car motorcade that whisked the suspect to a Manhattan jail a dozen blocks from the towers he was accused of trying to blow up.

Meanwhile, the American side of the investigation had progressed with the eerie ease that had marked it from the start. In the New Jersey apartment of suspect Nidal Ayyad, police discovered a timing device commonly used for terrorist bombs. They also announced that Salameh had been seen lugging tanks of compressed hydrogen, an explosion enhancer, which would help explain the destructive power of the blast. And finally, on Thursday, Bilal Alkaisi, identified by police as another "doer" in the bombing, turned himself in at the FBI's Newark, New Jersey, office. Investigators later asserted that he was providing yet fresher leads.

BY THE TIME ABOHALIMA, SPORTING a large bruise on his forehead, was arraigned in the district court, a sense of satisfaction prevailed. Police, although they said there was still one suspect at large, talked about having captured most of the "doers" in the bombing. U.S. Attorney Roger Hayes allowed himself some congratulatory bombast. "No people, no nation can allow such acts to go unchallenged," he said. "For every cowardly act of violence struck at our liberty we will respond. Today, pursuant to our system of justice, we have done just that!"

The sentiment is noble, but the note of triumph struck some in the courthouse as premature. Many investigations have later proved to be fatally flawed because the spotlight captured a plausible "core group" of "doers" but illuminated no one beyond them. Some experts, several in Egypt, stand by theories of international conspiracy. And the arrests were unlikely to deter the extreme political and religious passions thought to have undergirded the conspiracy. Nobody has made a criminal connection between Sheik Omar and the bombing; yet he is a prime beneficiary, enjoying enhanced status as the pre-eminent radical voice raised against the Egyptian regime.

If the circle is indeed closed—if six men armed with nothing much more than credit cards and fervent belief can cause hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of damage in America's largest city—it may be the worst news of all, an inducement to further mayhem. Not long ago, when state-sponsored terrorism was the reigning speculation, Harry Brandon, Deputy Assistant Director of the FBI, said, "I don't think the World Trade Center is the beginning of a new wave of terrorism. But it remains a relatively cost-effective way to advance national policy in a violent way." So cost-effective, it seems, that you don't even have to be a nation to use it. —***Reported by Edward Barnes/New York, Amany Radwan/Kafr el Dawar and Elaine Shannon/Washington***

CULTS

Ready, Aim, Liberace!

Using spotlights and corny music, the FBI bombards the Branch Davidians

By RICHARD LACAYO

THE REVELATION TO JOHN, THE LAST book of the Bible, envisioned the end of the world as a succession of calamities announced by the sound of trumpets. Too bad for cult leader David Koresh, a man with apocalyptic yearnings, that the same book doesn't mention Andy Williams albums, marching-band music and Nancy Sinatra's *These Boots Are Made for Walkin'*—the sort of thing he actually heard last week. To pry Koresh and his followers from their armed camp near Waco, Texas, federal agents bombarded the place at high volume with irritating songs, Tibetan chants and the piercing tone of a phone left off the hook. Every morning they even provided Koresh with the sound of a trumpet. It blasted reveille—over and over again.

MARC YANKUS FOR TIME

Begun more than a month ago in blood and gunfire, the siege near Waco remained a nerve-grinding standoff with a surreal edge last week. Exasperated negotiators, weary of fruitless phone conversations in which Koresh holds forth on scriptural prophecy and heavenly signs, kept up their psychological warfare. After dark, high-intensity spotlights were directed into the compound, which has been without electricity since federal agents cut the power on March 12. At times a helicopter circled overhead, playing a mobile searchlight into windows.

Koresh replied with mind games of his own. After a week in which no one emerged from the compound, six women and three men came out on March 19 and March 21, leaving about 100 members still inside. But their leader repeatedly failed to follow through on hints of a mass surrender. Three times negotiators seemed to be at the verge of a breakthrough, only to have Koresh balk at the last moment. At one point talks came to a standstill while the cult observed a high holy day associated with the new moon.

The head count inside the compound actually rose by one on Wednesday, when Louis Anthony Alaniz, a 24-year-old Houston man described by his mother as a religious fanatic, broke through the ring of agents and sprinted to the Davidians' door. Suspecting at first that he was an FBI double agent, members of the sect admitted him warily, but kept him on after he listened to one of Koresh's biblical harangues.

Federal agents also tried conciliatory tactics, delivering milk and medical supplies to the compound, as well as copies of national magazines that featured Koresh on their covers. Sensing that he's a man who enjoys the spotlight, the FBI even sent Koresh a letter offering a live appearance "on *America Talks* on the Christian Broadcasting Network hosted by Craig Smith." Like a cheerful mass mailing, it concluded: "This is an extraordinary opportunity for you."

Koresh passed. He may have a more spectacular event in mind. In a phone call to the *Today* show made from McLennan County jail, Brad Branch, one of 14 adults who have left the compound since the siege started, said last week that Koresh wanted a television appearance with other famous religious figures—to engage them in a contest of biblical interpretation. "He wants to put on a challenge to all the churches and all the heads," Branch explained. "The Pope, Billy Graham, Pat Robertson."

At one point last week, negotiators considered blasting Koresh with repeated playings of the Billy Ray Cyrus song *Achy Breaky Heart*. Eventually they thought better of it. There is, after all, a constitutional ban on cruel and unusual punishment. —***Reported by Jeanne McDowell and Richard Woodbury/Waco***

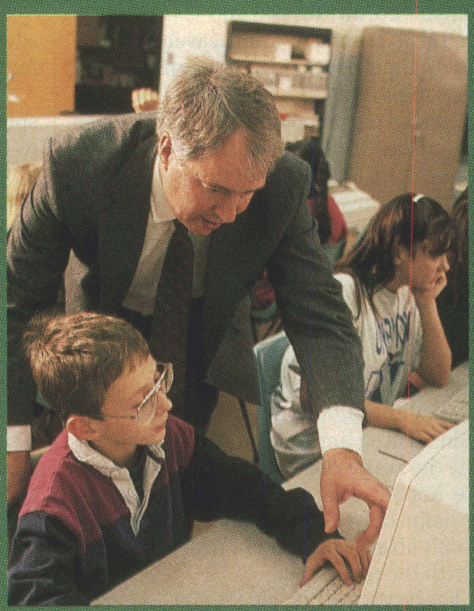
RICHARD SCHWEINWALD—AP

On the last day of an abbreviated term, Kalkaska students console one another

EDUCATION

School's Out—Of Cash

Impoverished schools are slashing programs, letting classroom sizes grow and teacher counts shrink. Some of them are just closing down.



MICHAEL L. ABRAMSON FOR TIME

Pedersen: principal, coach, lawn mower

By RICHARD LACAYO

IN KALKASKA, MICHIGAN, THE STUdents know all about cramming. They just tried to cram a year into seven months. Their spring term bumped to a halt last week when local school authorities, glumly eyeing a $1.5 million shortfall in their $8.2 million budget, chose to declare summer vacation in March. All through a cold winter, Matt Johnston had trudged to a 7:30 a.m. calculus class he hoped would earn him advanced-placement credit at college next year. Though teachers rushed through their lesson plans as the premature vacation neared, Johnston still wonders whether he should have stayed in bed. "The [nationwide calculus] test is in May," he complains, "but no one is prepared to take it."

After approving a hike in local property tax rates in 1989, Kalkaska voters, about a fourth of them retirees living on fixed incomes, have three times in the past year turned down requests for additional increases—most recently by a 2-to-1 ratio. Some of them want officials of their rural district to follow the example of other cash-strapped schools and pare programs. "No way" is the reply from district leaders, who four years ago temporarily cut art, music, field trips and some athletic programs, then shortened the school day by an hour. "It was devastating," says Kalkaska High principal Jerry Judge. "This was a much better year."

What there was of it, at least. The predicament of Kalkaska's schools is not unusual, but their decision to shut down rather than slim down is. Making do has become the working philosophy of American education. After a long recession and an even longer era of citizen tax revolts, schools around the country are rebinding old textbooks, letting ceiling plaster crumble, cutting out art and sports programs or closing down for days at a time. All the while, parents and educators are wondering which cuts are tolerable, which fatal. Is it O.K. to use outdated history books? How badly outdated? What if there aren't even enough books to provide each student with a copy to take home at night?

This spring, the Clinton Administration will send Congress its major school legislation, which will include funds for Chapter 1, the program targeted at disadvantaged schools. But no one expects Washington to have much real impact on the school budget crisis. Federal dollars account for just 6% of public elementary and secondary education spending in the U.S.; local property taxes and state aid pay most of the bills.

The system produces lustrous minicampuses in the most fortunate suburbs, scuffed and gloomy warehouses in the ghettos and maximum insecurity almost everywhere. Poorer districts are so des-

perate that 41 states have faced lawsuits challenging the statewide school finance formula, all with the goal of getting courts to compel legislatures to adopt a more equitable sharing of tax revenues. Under court pressure, Kentucky has developed a package of taxes to help fund education. In May Texas voters will be asked to approve a redistribution of property taxes.

In Illinois, where litigation is pending, one low-income district committed symbolic suicide last week. Arguing that it could never raise enough money from property taxes, the school board of North Chicago, 40 miles north of the city, voted simply to dissolve the district and shut down its eight schools. If the board's drastic plan is approved by county education officials, North Chicago's 4,300 students will be dispersed to schools in more prosperous surrounding communities—a move the neighboring towns are sure to resist.

While the school board may have been trying to dramatize its plight, the problems are all too real. Though the North Chicago school district has one of the state's highest tax rates—$7.33 per $100 of assessed value—property assessments are so low that last year the district raised just $1,638 per student. By comparison, nearby Lake Forest, with a tax rate of only $1.32 per $100, collects $14,143 per student.

For struggling schools unwilling to contemplate self-extinction, slow starvation is the common alternative. The first targets to trim are often the precious "frills," the arts programs, foreign languages, after-school athletics that provide students with the lessons a traditional classroom cannot. Yet last fall all 72 public high schools in Chicago were nearly forced to eliminate sports altogether because of a $1.2 million budget shortfall. Only last-minute contributions from corporations such as Footlocker, Illinois Bell and Nike and such individual donations as $100,000 from Michael Jordan saved athletics for the year. In many states, the only way to earn a place on the varsity squad is not to be the fastest or the strongest but to be able to afford as much as a couple of hundred dollars to cover "pay for play" fees, transportation charges or equipment costs.

Budget crises can bring even more painful choices. With the current term heading into its last months, the supply cupboard is almost bare at Hayward High School, a 1,565-student school just southeast of Oakland, California. "We are down to worrying about how much paper we use in a day," says English teacher Carolyn Aune. That's not the only reason why she makes fewer writing assignments lately. She already has too much work to correct, with 170 students in her five classes, 45 more than last year, an increase caused by rising enrollment and staff cuts. And because of overstuffed classrooms, there is limited hands-on participation in Hayward's chemistry labs—too many safety concerns. Those have to be taken more seriously now that budget cuts have eliminated the school nurse. The librarian is also gone this year. So are seven after-school sports. "I'm really glad I'm graduating this year because so many things are being cut," says Mary Basurtf, a senior. "I feel sorry for the freshmen."

Hayward's troubles are an outgrowth of the statewide crisis in California's threadbare school system, which was among the nation's best. A lengthy economic slump has compounded problems created by the 1978 passage of Proposition 13, which slashed property taxes and sharply reduced school revenues. Between 1987 and 1992, unrestricted state funding for the 34 schools of the racially mixed Hayward district declined from $90 million to $65 million, even as the student population climbed from 18,000 to 21,125.

> At Hayward High School near Oakland, the supply cupboard is almost bare. "We are down to worrying about how much paper we use in a day."

In those same years, California has seen an influx of immigrants, a rise in the number of kids with learning and behavioral problems, more latchkey children whose parents are working and hungry kids whose parents are not. "Schools are expected to provide more social services, more counseling, more psychological and nursing services," says Dan Moirao, superintendent of the Hayward Unified School District. "But because of low funding, we have difficulty just providing the basic teacher in front of the classroom with a textbook."

Simple numbers, hard consequences—how does a school decide what stays, what goes? In the past two years, the Hayward district canceled a program that provided 34 specially trained teachers to help students who have reading problems. But it held on to six counselors, in part because of an outcry from parents who feared their children would not have guidance to make judgments about college and careers. Even six seemed too few to students puzzling over their prospects. "We have a million decisions to make, and there's no one here to talk to," complains Jared Mariconi, a senior. Mary Ann O'Toole, sole counselor at Hayward High, sees even more serious problems: "We've had two student deaths this year, and we don't even have time to talk to the kids."

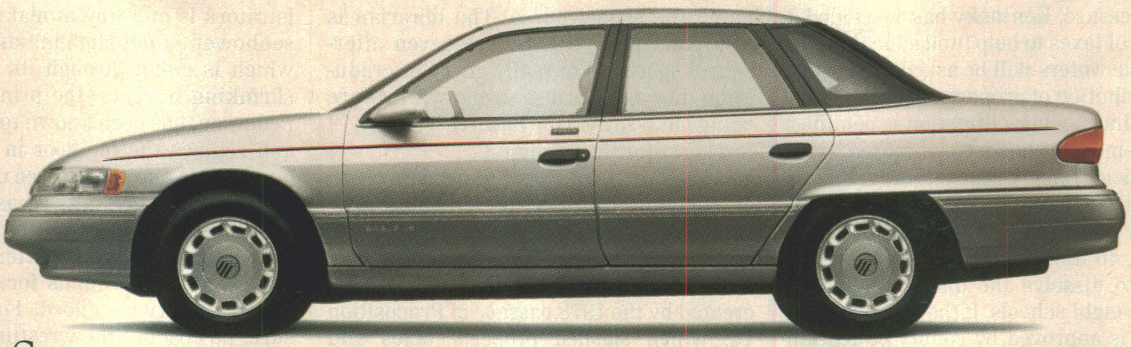
Double duty for teachers and administrators is one way of making do. At Eisenhower Junior High in Darien, Illinois—which is going through its sixth year of shrinking budgets—the principal, Joseph Pedersen, has been known to cut the grass and replace the tile floor in the gym. He also covers one of the three cafeteria periods every day and does occasional service as a substitute teacher. On weekends he writes grant proposals, attempting to get state and private funds for programs he cannot otherwise afford. For good measure, he coaches the wrestling team from mid-November through the end of March. "It's a long season," he concedes.

At Eisenhower the student council has been enlisted as a cash cow, generating $1,500 a month in profit from its "market day," which allows fee-paying customers to buy food in bulk through the school. Through an agreement with the local parks authority, new public tennis courts are located on Eisenhower's grounds, where students can easily use them. Public money will pay for their upkeep. Parks officials are also considering a request from Pedersen to donate $5,000 for the school to buy eight computers. In return, Eisenhower would offer computer classes to the general public for a small fee that would cover teacher costs.

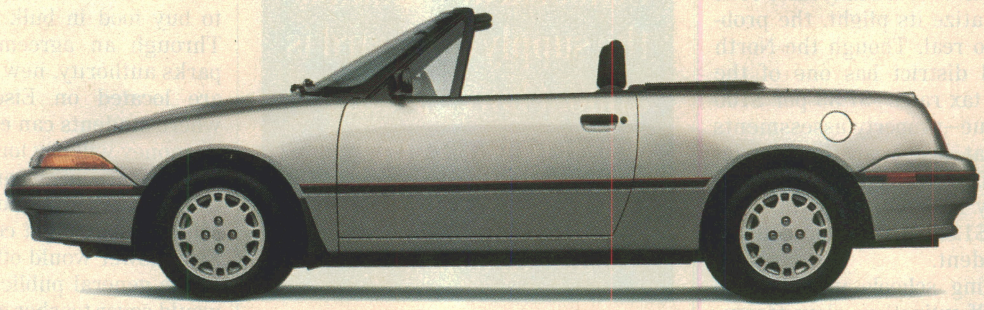
When Eisenhower isn't scrambling for pennies, it's pinching them. Rather than replace 20 aging microscopes, the school is investigating the purchase of a TV camera and monitor system that could display to an entire class the images seen through a single new microscope. In the home economics classes—where half the enrollees are boys—gas stoves have replaced the old electric ones, to take advantage of a local gas company's offer to give the school three stoves free if it purchased one. The district already squeezes out a 20% saving by stocking up on gas in the summer, when prices are lower, then storing the gas in Arkansas until it is needed.

Michigan school officials are wondering whether the Kalkaska schools should not have been pursuing more of the same kind of economy measures. Governor John Engler has appointed a five-member panel to meet with school officials about the possibility of reopening. State auditors arrived last week to look over the district's books. But the school board's decision to force a showdown over funding has won strong support in neighboring districts. Some of them observed a moment of silence in classes last week on the day Kalkaska schools shut their doors. In the deserted halls of Kalkaska High, that moment may last until September. ***—Reported by D. Blake Hallanan/San Francisco and Leslie Whitaker/Chicago***

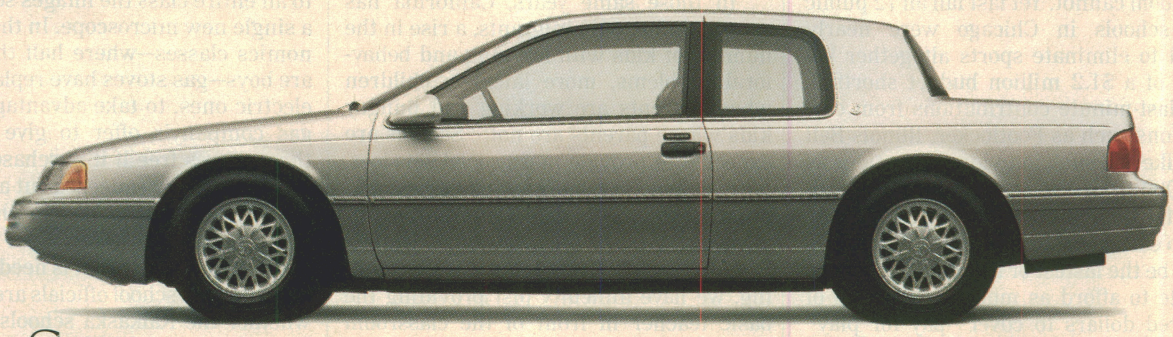
LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford Buckle up—together we can save lives. *Driver and right-front passenger Supplemental Restraint System. Always wear your safety belt.



SABLE The front-wheel-drive sedan with standard dual air bags* and available anti-lock brakes. Named three times to *Car and Driver's* Ten Best list.



CAPRI A 16-valve, twin-cam ragtop with front-wheel drive and something many of its competitors lack: a back seat.



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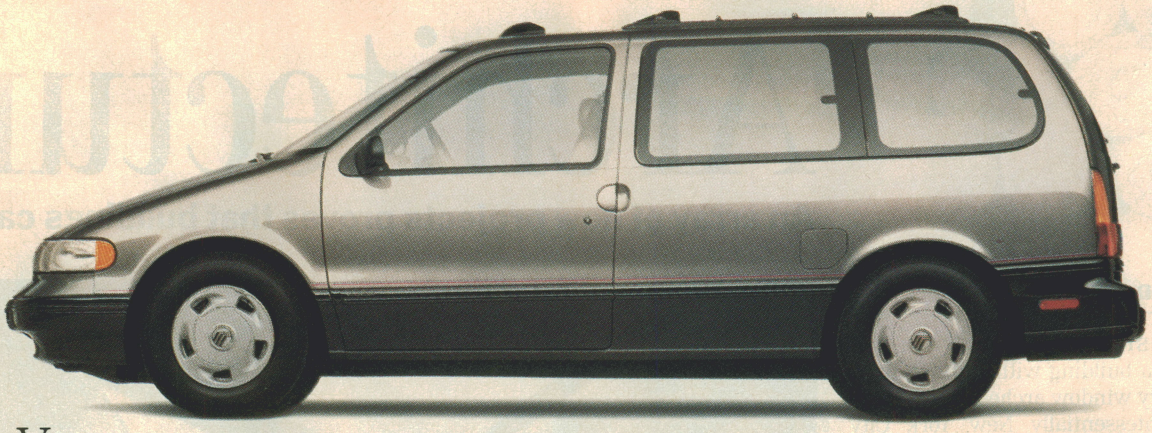
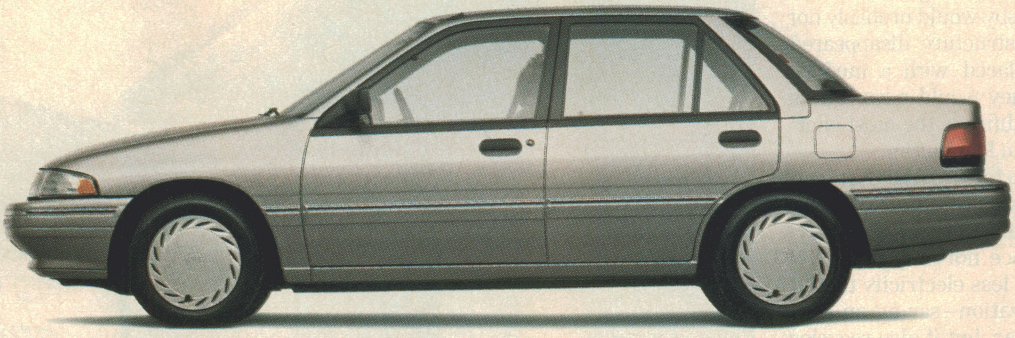
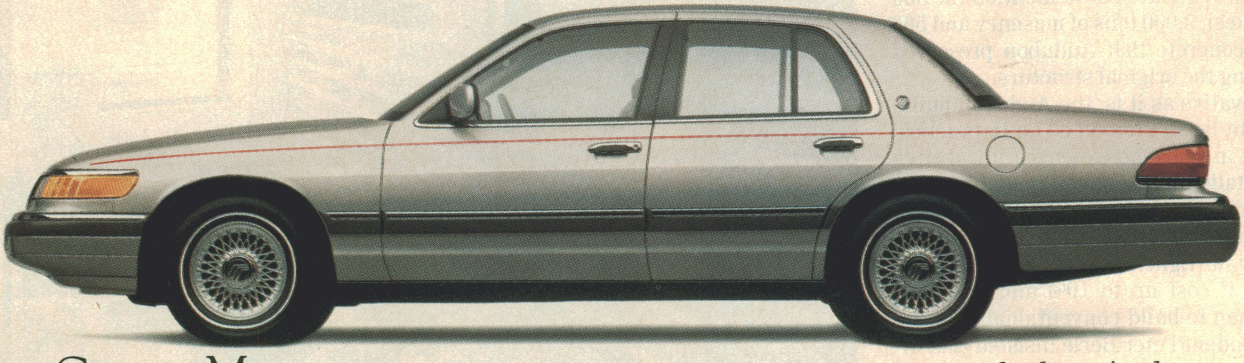


VILLAGER The minivan that drives like a car. And the only one that meets all federal car safety standards and has standard four-wheel anti-lock brakes.**



TRACER Why have a small car when you can have a small Mercury? So well equipped it has automatic transmission and air conditioning at no charge.†



GRAND MARQUIS Mercurys don't come any roomier or any plusher. And this one comes with standard dual air bags.*

Above.

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DESIGN

Architecture

An array of new projects proves that buildings can be ec

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

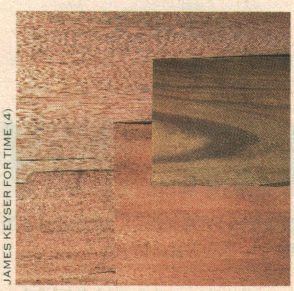
THE STATELY BRICK AND TERRA-cotta building with vaulting four-story window arches represents a quintessentially New York City phenomenon: the architectural landmark that nobody notices. Built in the 1890s on a fashionable corner in Greenwich Village, it was designed for a long-forgotten retailer who dreamed of giving Macy's a run for its money. Passersby would probably not be surprised if the structure disappeared overnight to be replaced with a modern apartment tower. They would never guess that this venerable edifice is the most energy-efficient building in Manhattan.

Yet the headquarters of the National Audubon Society is that and more. Extensively refurbished last year, the airy, daylight-filled office space not only uses 61% less energy and 68% less electricity than it did before the renovation—saving an estimated $100,000 a year, but it also recycles 80% of all office waste, including 42 tons of paper annually; cools its air without ozone-depleting CFCs; and employs environmentally benign and recycled construction materials throughout—not to mention the 300 tons of steel, 9,000 tons of masonry and 560 tons of concrete that Audubon preserved by reusing the original structure.

Innovative as it is, the Audubon building might be written off as an impractical exercise in spare-no-expense radical environmentalism, except for one thing: the society demanded that every design decision had to satisfy the kind of bottom-line scrutiny a tightwad CEO would apply. Though it cost up to 10% more to build green than to build conventionally, Audubon president Peter Berle insisted that ev-

INSULATION: Rolls of recycled cotton are a natural alternative to fiber glass, top.

EXOTIC VENEERS: To save forests, wood is harvested selectively, not clear-cut.



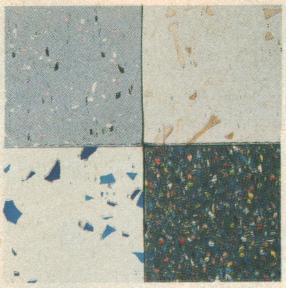
JAMES KEYSER FOR TIME (4)

FRED CHARLES FOR TIME

AUDUBON: A $14 million renovation transformed a turn-of-the-century structure into an airy, light-drenched place that is Manhattan's most energy-efficient building.

Goes Green

gically correct, cost efficient and beautiful as well



FLOOR TILES: Made from golf tees, broken glass, wood chips and plastic scrap.

ery environmental measure taken in the $14 million project had to justify its cost within a five-year period. Says Berle: "It was an opportunity to build a structure that would both save Audubon money and provide a model for others to replicate."

The project's success is a testament to the fact that green architecture has begun to come of age, after a false and unaesthetic start in the early 1970s. Architects, builders, construction managers and corporate planners are beginning to realize that environmentally sound buildings are not only politically correct, they are cheaper to operate and offer a healthier environment for workers. These pragmatic advantages are being demonstrated by such structures as the Natural Resources Defense Council headquarters in New York City, the Environmental Defense Fund building in Washington, the Internationale Nederlanden Group Bank in Amsterdam and a regional government center now under construction in Marseilles.

Even the famously middlebrow Wal-Mart chain is getting in on the act. The retailer is designing an "environmental store" in Lawrence, Kansas, that could become the prototype for all future Wal-Marts and for retrofitting the chain's existing stores. The retail outlet will be built mostly of wood and concrete block—materials that require 33% less energy to produce than steel—and feature an elaborate, high-efficiency lighting system enhanced by skylights that use holographic films to spread daylight evenly over the space. The store will have its own recycling center so that shipping boxes never have to leave the site. And for the ultimate in recycling, the entire structure is designed to be converted easily to housing in the event that Wal-Mart vacates.

The motivation for going green is sometimes idealistic, sometimes materialistic and usually a little of both. There is no *question* that traditional office structures are environmentally wasteful and destructive. In the U.S., such buildings account for one-third of the nation's peak electricity consumption: they are costly to operate and will become even more so when new energy taxes go into effect. Furthermore, nearly one-quarter of all ozone-depleting chlorofluorocarbons are emitted by office air conditioners and the manufacturing processes used to make building materials. Of more immediate concern to workers is the miserable quality of the air they breathe: because of their design and the synthetic materials they employ, between one-third and one-half of all commercial buildings are filled with polluted air, in some cases 100 times as polluted as air on the other side of the windows. Such "sick buildings" wreak havoc with workers' health and productivity.

As awareness of such problems grows, so does the movement to go green. Among the converts is Susan Maxman, the first woman to preside over the American Institute of Architects and the first AIA president to give top priority to environmental concerns. In June, a joint conference of the AIA and the World Congress of Architects will be devoted to "Designing for a Sustainable Future." Says Maxman: "We hope to truly change how people view the way they design, looking at everything they do in terms of what it means for future generations."

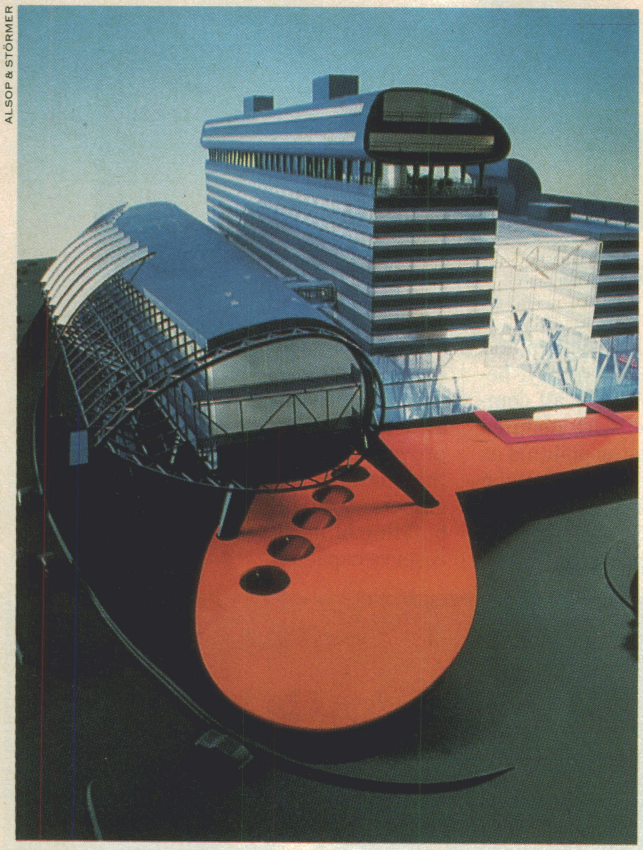
In practice, this calls for a careful evaluation of every component that goes into a building, including lighting, heating, ventilation, carpeting, wall covering, paint, waste disposal and even the structure itself—and then figuring out how each element interacts with the others. For example, observes Berle, "if you've got a more efficient building shell and more efficient lighting system, that obviously has an impact on what you need in terms of heating and cooling." His new headquarters proves the point. It carries a little more than half the air conditioning capacity engineers would ordinarily specify for a building of its size—and still has plenty of reserve capacity.

FRED HOOGERVORST/HOLLANDE HOOGTE

INTERNATIONALE NEDERLANDEN GROUP BANK: Completed in Amsterdam in 1987, Europe's most renowned green structure has 10 skylight-topped towers contoured to maximize natural lighting and solar heating and deflect wind.

Or take lighting. The building employs the latest in efficient technology, including tiny sensors that adjust office illumination depending on whether or not people are actually using the room and how much light is streaming in through the windows. But beyond that, "Everything we did took lighting into account," says

ALTERNATIVE LUMBER: Plastic and sawdust form a replacement for the real thing.



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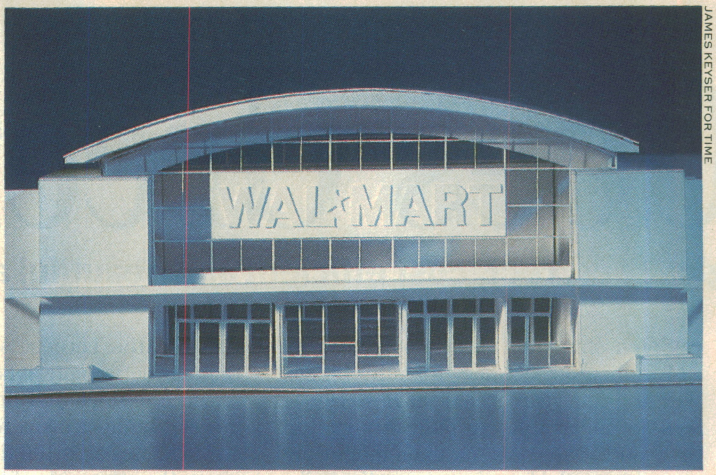


JAMES KEYSER FOR TIME

WAL-MART: Coming soon to Lawrence, Kansas, is the chain's first skylighted, energy-efficient, thoroughly green store, complete with recycling center—a possible prototype for all future Wal-Marts.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT BUILDING: A model shows the flamboyantly futuristic offices for administrators in sunny Marseilles. Roof vents will let hot air escape; cool air is drawn from shady perimeters.

architect Randy Croxton, who also designed the National Resources Defense Council building. "The height of work stations, the color of paint on the walls, the orientation of windows and corridors—all were designed to optimize lighting strategy." Moreover, the lighting isn't homogeneous, the way it is in most offices. "It's varied according to when and where it is needed and also varied to create effects, natural shadows and silhouettes." Such subtleties humanize the workplace, says Croxton. "The ability to have a sense of season, weather, time of day, to be able to orient yourself with the changing light of the day is such a basic need. It affects performance, productivity, calmness."

Another key part of Audubon's plan was to look at construction materials in terms of their entire life cycles. Where did the raw materials come from and how were they mined, extracted or harvested? How much waste was created and how much energy required to manufacture the finished product? What will happen to the product when it is disassembled? How safe is it for the workers in the building and how safe for the planet?

The result: paint without carcinogenic volatile organic compounds; carpeting that is dye-free, glue-free and 100% wool, with padding made from jute and animal hair; subfloors made from Homasote, a recycled-newspaper product, instead of formaldehyde-laden plywood; floor tiles fabricated from crushed light bulbs; a CFC-free insulation made from common minerals; and a reception desk built of maple and of mahogany that was harvested in a manner that does not destroy rain forests.

Audubon's chief scientist, Jan Beyea, was in on all these decisions. Even so, he was stunned by one result of the effort: an odorless building. "A month before we moved in, I'm walking around, and they are painting the walls and laying down the rugs and I can't smell anything," Beyea recalls. "That shows we did our job." Beyea attributes the facility's overall success to "a hundred, maybe several hundred, different little things, each of which by itself is rather insignificant."

CHOOSING THE BEST MATERIALS for green buildings remains a challenge. Croxton has researched hundreds of products, but even when appropriate materials can be located, they are often too expensive or too hard to get delivered on schedule or too heavy for a building's structure. But that too is beginning to change under pressure from architects and their clients. Manufacturers have begun to gear up their environmentally sensitive product lines, and several independent groups have compiled lists of green materials. The Rainforest Alliance, for example, has researched the tropical hardwood trade (estimated at $7 billion a year) and come up with a list of woods, like rubberwood, grown on Malaysian plantations, whose harvest does little damage to the rain forest.

Locating the right materials has become easier too. The AIA now publishes an *Environmental Resource Guide*. And architect Paul Bierman-Lytle, a specialist in building environmentally sensitive homes, has put together an alternative building-products catalog that lists more than 2,600 materials and technologies. More recently he helped establish an eco-mall for environmental construction materials. First begun in 1981 as a mail-order business, Environmental Construction Outfitters now has a 5,000-sq.-ft. loft in New York City that showcases everything from natural carpeting and cork flooring to solar energy, cotton insulation and environmental paints. The emporium also runs workshops on how to use such materials.

Schools of architecture are also awakening to the green gospel. Says Marvin Rosenman, chairman of the architecture department at Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana: "I think it's a very, very exciting time to study architecture. Young architects are concerned about these issues, and the curriculum will have to expand. We'll need to offer courses in chemistry and the natural sciences so that architects can play a more important role in the built environment."

William McDonough, consulting architect for the Wal-Mart project and one of the most visionary of the green designers, thinks environmental consciousness is not merely a new constraint on his profession, but has the potential to create a new aesthetic. It was the unfortunate coincidence of cheap oil and the ability to fabricate large sheets of glass, he argues, that led to the "modern" office buildings pioneered by architects like Mies van der Rohe in the 1950s. Architectural movements since then—notably postmodernism—have been purely superficial, decorative responses to that style. "That's why this movement is so exciting," says McDonough. "What is it made out of? How is it made? We're not talking about just another glib exercise in artifice. We're talking about a fundamentally new principle of design." —***Reported by David Bjerklie/New York***

SOCIETY

Sex with a Scorecard

A group of high school boys who tallied their conquests ignites a debate over teenage values

By JILL SMOLOWE

TAMI COWGER FIRST HEARD ABOUT the exploits of the Spur Posse when she was approached last December by a distraught ninth grader. "She had met this boy and really liked him, so she had sex with him. Then he brought his friends over and said she had to have sex with them too. She didn't want to, but she figured maybe this is what you have to do to be popular in high school." So the girl submitted, recalls Cowger, 17, a peer counselor at the high school in Lakewood, California. She sympathized with the younger girl's dilemma: "These were the popular guys."

Those popular guys now find themselves in the middle of an uproar over teenage values that has spread beyond the conservative, middle-class Los Angeles suburb of Lakewood. While denying charges ranging from sexual molestation to rape, the group of 20 to 30 youths has proudly owned up to a competition in which they scored points each time they had a sexual conquest. Their seeming lack of regard for the girls they were scoring upon shocked many Lakewood residents, as did the widespread perception of the boys as heroes and the girls as troublemakers. The debate set men against women and students against each other as everyone tried to draw the lines between teenage libidos, rampant promiscuity and the victimization of women.

The town of 74,000 learned about the accusations on March 18 after seven girls filed complaints against members of the Spur Posse, named in honor of their basketball heroes, the San Antonio Spurs. Sheriff's deputies arrested eight boys and one young man on more than 17 felony counts of rape, unlawful intercourse and related charges. Last week county prosecutors said charges would be filed against only one of the boys for allegedly having sex with a 10-year-old girl. The other eight youths were set free. While four of them remained under investigation, many townspeople felt justice had been shortchanged. "There is a sense of outrage about the charges being dropped," said Julie Dodge of the Sexual Assault Crisis Agency in nearby Long Beach.

Posse members described their exploits with bravado. Founding member Dana Belman, 20, explained that members received a point each time they achieved orgasm with a different girl and boasted that he had scored 63 points. Billy Shehan, 19, bragged that he was the highest scorer, with 66 points. "My parents were a little surprised," he said. "They thought it was more like 50." Shehan said that while many of the boys did not use condoms when intercourse was involved, he did. "I buy them by the boxload," he explained.

JIM MENDENHALL—THE LOS ANGELES TIMES

Basketball-dunking Dana Belman, a founding member of the Spur Posse and brother of one of the arrested boys, says he racked up 63 points

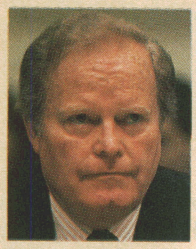
Some of the boys' parents seemed unperturbed. At the Belman home, where son Kristopher, 18, had returned after being released from custody, father Donald said, "Nothing my boy did was anything any redblooded American boy wouldn't do at his age." Billy Shehan's father Billy Sr. offered a historical perspective. "I'm 40. We used to talk about scoring in my high school," he said. "What's the difference?" Son Billy, who was not among those arrested, was irritated only because his folks wouldn't allow him to discuss the controversy on the *Jerry Springer* show. Beyond that, he saw no cause for remorse. "My dad used to brag to his friends. All the dads did. When we brought home girls they liked, they'd say, 'Cool,' and tell their buddies," he said. "It's all the moms that are freaking out about this stuff. But that's probably that Freudian thing. You know, penis envy."

The boys' moms also reacted defensively, taking swipes at the girls' reputations. Dottie Belman told a reporter, "Those girls are trash." Diane Hurst, whose son was an original Spur, thought it was "sad for the girls that they have such low self-esteem that they would do this." She found no self-esteem problem in her son's behavior. "What can you do?" she said. "It's a testosterone thing."

That casual air of boys-will-be-boys struck many residents as inappropriate, given some of the complaints. One 16-year-old girl told the sheriff's department that a Spur had removed her clothes in a park during a sexual encounter, then refused to give them back until she had sex with other Spurs. She said her clothing was returned only after she screamed. She believes the commotion prevented a gang rape.

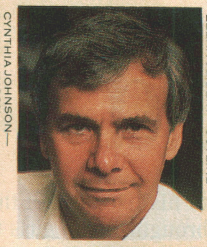
Some female students argued that many girls wanted to sleep with these boys. Plainly, Lakewood's teen population is sexually active. According to the local Planned Parenthood office, which serves Lakewood and two other towns, 2,989 teenagers visited its clinic last year. Of those, 547 tested positive for a sexually transmitted disease. Of the 949 girls given pregnancy tests, 385 tested positive.

As the high school barricaded itself against the press last week, Lakewood Mayor Marc Titel feared that the town was "in denial" about the scandal. "What kind of values are we communicating to our kids?" he asked. "There are parents and teachers who are saying, 'This is no big deal.'" For the girls involved, it remains a very big deal. Some of those who complained now endure taunts of "slut." The boys, meanwhile, were cheered when they returned to classes last week. The school is planning several assemblies on date rape and sexual harassment. The first will take place on April 5—for girls only. —*Reported by Elaine Lafferty/Los Angeles*



CYNTHIA JOHNSON—GAMMA LIAISON

ABC'S ARLEDGE



ELENA SEIBERT—OUTLINE

NBC'S BROKAW

TED THAI FOR TIME

CNN'S JOHNSON

ELENA SEIBERT—OUTLINE

PBS'S MOYERS

THE LINEUP: Likely suspects in NBC News' hunt for a head honcho

BUSINESS

Who Wants This Job?

Still stinging from the Dateline fiasco, NBC News is hustling to hire a credible new president

By WILLIAM A. HENRY III

THE NETWORK IS BEING EYED FOR sale. Staffing and salaries have been slashed. Morale is low when it's not obstreperous. The chief corporate asset, credibility, has been squandered in a humiliating succession of errors and ethical slips. On top of all else, three of the past four occupants of the job have been shown the door. Is it any wonder that NBC News seems to be having trouble finding a president?

What used to be one of the most coveted jobs in journalism is now widely viewed as a "challenge" if not a headache. Despite power, prestige and a salary that may exceed $1 million, whoever takes the job will have to contend with problems ranging from a persistent third-place rating for NBC's *Nightly News* to the lingering shame from *Dateline's* rigging of a crash fire to illustrate a piece about design defects in some General Motors trucks. An investigative report released by NBC last week found "misjudgments and professional lapses" in *Dateline's* production and led to the ouster of three producers.

Partly as a result, a roster of contenders have deflected or flat-out declined overtures. According to present and former NBC top brass, they include: the network's own anchor Tom Brokaw, and its Washington bureau chief and *Meet the Press* host Tim Russert; ABC News president Roone Arledge, his executive vice president Paul Friedman and *Nightline* anchor Ted Koppel; CNN president Tom Johnson and executive vice president Ed Turner; and PBS documentarian Bill Moyers. There may be others. Although the search has been under way for at least a month—since before Michael Gartner resigned—somewhat less glittery prospects were still being approached late last week.

There are, to be sure, candidates actively seeking the job from both inside and outside, including interim boss Donald Browne. But few fully meet the criteria privately articulated by NBC's corporate president Robert Wright: experience in news, experience in television and, most important, "high profile." Says one broadcast news veteran whom Wright has consulted: "He has been telling everyone that he'd like most to get Koppel or Moyers. He likes the idea of instant credibility."

To some people involved in the selection process, Wright's criteria imply that he sees NBC News' problems as primarily public relations and that he hopes installing an eminent journalist can diffuse them. But as acting president Browne acknowledges, many inside NBC—plus one candidate from outside—think the recent difficulties directly result from the staff cuts as NBC's parent company, General Electric, turned the news division from a $126 million money loser in 1988 to an anticipated $20 million profit earner this year. Browne says Wright has promised that "there will be more personnel," but to at least one candidate who declined, that commitment is not enough: "I would hypothetically consider going there only with the personal assurances of Jack Welch at GE that the company really intends to rebuild the news division."

Despite the bumpy start and unavailability of some high-powered names, NBC will doubtless find an experienced, plausible news president. Many of the same people who described the job as horrendous would be ready to take it. Some insiders predict that the eventual choice will indeed be one of those who has already turned it down: Russert of *Meet the Press*. Whoever it is may find there are days where he shares the judgment of Everette Dennis, executive director of the Freedom Forum at Columbia University: "Taking that job would be like jumping onto a funeral pyre." ***—Reported by Wendy Cole and Georgia Harbison/New York***

Basinger Instinct

Hard lessons in the art of the oral deal

By RICHARD CORLISS

SAM GOLDWYN USED TO SAY THAT "a verbal agreement isn't worth the paper it's written on." Last week a Los Angeles jury found differently. It ruled that actress Kim Basinger (*9½ Weeks, Batman*) had breached an oral contract when she backed out of a commitment to star in the film *Boxing Helena,* and ordered her to pay $8.9 million in damages to the producers, Main Line Pictures.

Hollywood was shocked by the price but not by the verdict. "This is an oral town," notes one veteran agent, "a town of relationships." You take a lunch, you shake a hand, you make a movie.

Boxing Helena is a thriller about a surgeon so obsessed with a woman that he amputates her limbs and puts her in a box. After Madonna backed out of the title role, director Jennifer Lynch discussed it with Basinger. Lynch assured the actress that the nude scenes would be tasteful: "I wanted to photograph her like a work of art."

Lynch never got to do that. Basinger exited, and Main Line's Carl Mazzocone had to return the $7.6 million raised on the star's name. Her replacement, *Twin Peaks'* Sherilyn Fenn, could lure only $2.7 million. "I'm not a $100 million corporation that they don't want to screw with," Mazzocone says. "I'm just a little independent." For now, he is a rich little independent.

KIM IN COURT: When she walked out, all *Helena* broke loose

Basinger's lawyer, Howard Weitzman, insists no deal was consummated. "When you want to do a project," he says, "the dance begins. The jury thought the dance was already over. But Kim and the producers had not settled on the pay-or-play part of the deal." If they didn't yet have to pay, why should she have had to play?

The immediate effect of the jury's decision will probably be more detailed memos and CYA (cover your ass) letters. "I'm going to be much more conscious of the words," says the veteran agent. " 'Love you, babe' will take on a new meaning." ***—Reported byJanice C. Simpson/Los Angeles***

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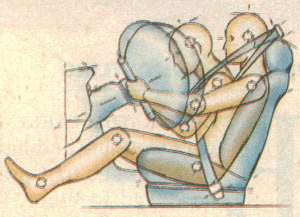
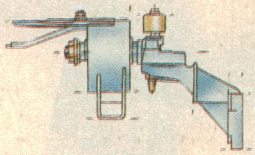


A driver-side air bag is standard equipment on all 1993 Corollas.*



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THE CHURCH

JOHN MC GRAIL FOR TIME

Leaving: Walcek family snapshot of Mary's First Communion (1960)

By RICHARD N. OSTLING

BACK IN THE EARLY 1960S, WHEN cars were big and hair was short and families that prayed together stayed together, the Walceks said grace before meals and went to Mass every single morning. Emil and Kathleen sent their nine children to the local parochial schools in Placentia, California, and on Sunday mornings at St. Joseph's the family took up two pews.

Then one by one, the children set off on their spiritual travels, and in the process perfectly charted the journey of their gen-

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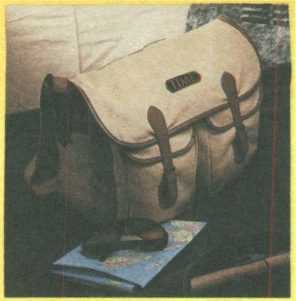

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SEARCH

Baby boomers dropped out in record numbers. Now *many* are finding spiritual homes again—and American religion will never be the same.

Returning: Informal midweek Bible study at Philadelphia's thriving Calvary Chapel

eration. Emil Jr., 45, and Edward, 32, dropped out of church, and stayed out. John, 43, was married on a cliff overlooking Laguna Beach, divorced—and returned to the Catholic Church, saying, "Maybe the traditional way of doing things isn't so bad." Joe, 41, also returned to the fold after marrying a Ukrainian Catholic. Mary, 40, married a lapsed Methodist and worships "God's creation" in her own unstructured fashion. Rosie, 38, drifted into the Hindu-influenced Self-Realization Fellowship. Chris, 34, picked Unitarianism, which offered some of Christianity's morality without its dogma. Theresa, 36, spent five years exploring the "Higher Power" in 12-step self-help programs. Ann, 30, called off her wedding when her nonpracticing Jewish fiancé embraced Orthodoxy, a crisis that "sparked a whole new journey for me."

There was a time in America when a spiritual journey meant a long, stormy crossing of the soul, an exploration mapped by Scripture and led by clergy through the family church. Catholic you were born and Catholic you died, or Methodist, or Jew. Of the generation born after World War II, 95% received a religious upbringing, and had they behaved like their parents before them, the churches and synagogues of their childhood would be thriving.

Today, a quiet revolution is taking place that is changing not only the religious habits of millions of American but the way churches go about recruiting members to keep their doors open. Increasing numbers of baby boomers who left the fold years ago are turning religious again, but many are traveling from church to church or faith to faith, sampling creeds, shopping for a custom-made God.

WILL MCINTYRE FOR TIME

Market-minded Carolinians Humphrey and Walters recruiting door to door

A growing choir of critics contends that in doing whatever it takes to lure those fickle customers, churches are at risk of losing their heritage—and their souls.

According to Wade Clark Roof, a sociologist at the University of California at Santa Barbara who has studied boomers' attitudes toward God, about a third have never strayed from church. Another one-fourth of boomers are defectors who have returned to religious practice—at least for now. The returnees are usually less tied to tradition and less dependable as church members than the loyalists. They are also more liberal, which deepens rifts over issues like abortion and homosexuality.

The returnees are still vastly outnumbered by the 42% of baby boomers who remain dropouts from formal religion. Roof's polling, however, found that most said they felt their children should receive religious training—creating an opportunity that churches are rushing to meet. Two potent events that might draw dropouts back to the fold are having children and facing at mid-life a personal or career crisis that reminds boomers of the need for moorings. "You have to start thinking about God in the face of how to raise children in a society that has lost all connection to God," says Hollywood screenwriter-director Michael Tolkin, 42. He has ended up a more prayerful Jew than his liberal parents after seeking religious training for his children.

When West Europeans drop out of church, as large majorities do, they typically lose interest in belief too, but America remains unpromising ground for atheism and agnosticism. One of the most intriguing discoveries in Roof's research for *A Generation of Seekers* (Harper San Francisco) is the growth of what he calls "believers but not belongers." Americans who leave religious institutions do not necessarily abandon religious faith. Even most dropouts say they believe in God; though one-third also believe in reincarnation, ghosts and astrology. The God of their understanding is not necessarily the personal, all-powerful and all-knowing deity of orthodoxy. Nor is the Jesus affirmed by boomers necessarily the Son of God and unique Saviour of humanity.

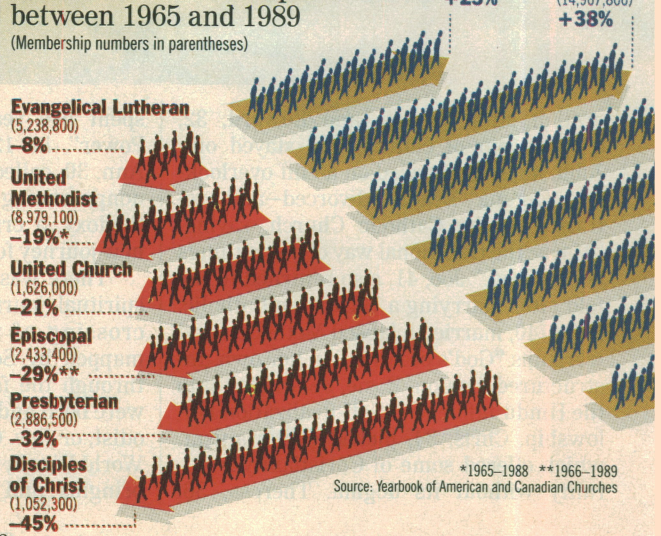
On Thanksgiving in 1991, Patricia Newlin, a lapsed Lutheran, met a young co-worker, a born-again Christian, on a business trip to Paris. They walked along the Seine in the shadow of Notre Dame and discussed the idea that we all carry around with us a God-shaped vacuum and try unceasingly to fill it with other things. "That notion just struck an incredibly responsive chord in me," remembers Newlin. She realized that she "had created an idol out of work, had sacrificed my time and effort to it, and it stopped working." She was baptized in January 1992 and began attending Redeemer Presbyterian Church in New York City and working in a homeless shelter. Four years ago, Redeemer was a 15-member Bible-study group on Manhattan's Upper East Side. "I said, let's not build a church for us," recalls Pastor Timothy Keller. "Let's build a church for your friends who don't go to church." It now has 1,200 members, half of whom had not been affiliated with a church.

In the wrenching realignment of church loyalties, mainline Protestantism and Judaism have felt by far the most pain. For Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, nearly half the children born into the church end up leaving for good. Six major denominations report a combined net membership loss of 6.2 million, to a current 22.2 million, since the mid-1960s. Despite its many problems, Catholicism has held its own. By Roof's survey, 70% of

CHANGING CHURCHES

Rate of **loss** and **gain** in church membership between 1965 and 1989

(Membership numbers in parentheses)



*1965–1988 **1966–1989

Source: Yearbook of American and Canadian Churches

those raised as Jews have dropped out, a disastrous loss that coincides with low birthrates, a steep increase of intermarriage with non-Jews, and the slim odds that children from such marriages will end up practicing the faith.

The unprecedented membership decline in old-line Protestant churches inspired Roof to delve more deeply into the subject. These affluent, predominantly white, relatively liberal denominations date from colonial times and long controlled America's spiritual and cultural values. Now they are on the defensive, losing members and influence. Meanwhile, churches on either side of the spiritual spectrum are growing fast: the conservative evangelical Protestantism on one hand and an assortment of Eastern, New Age and unconventional religions on the other.

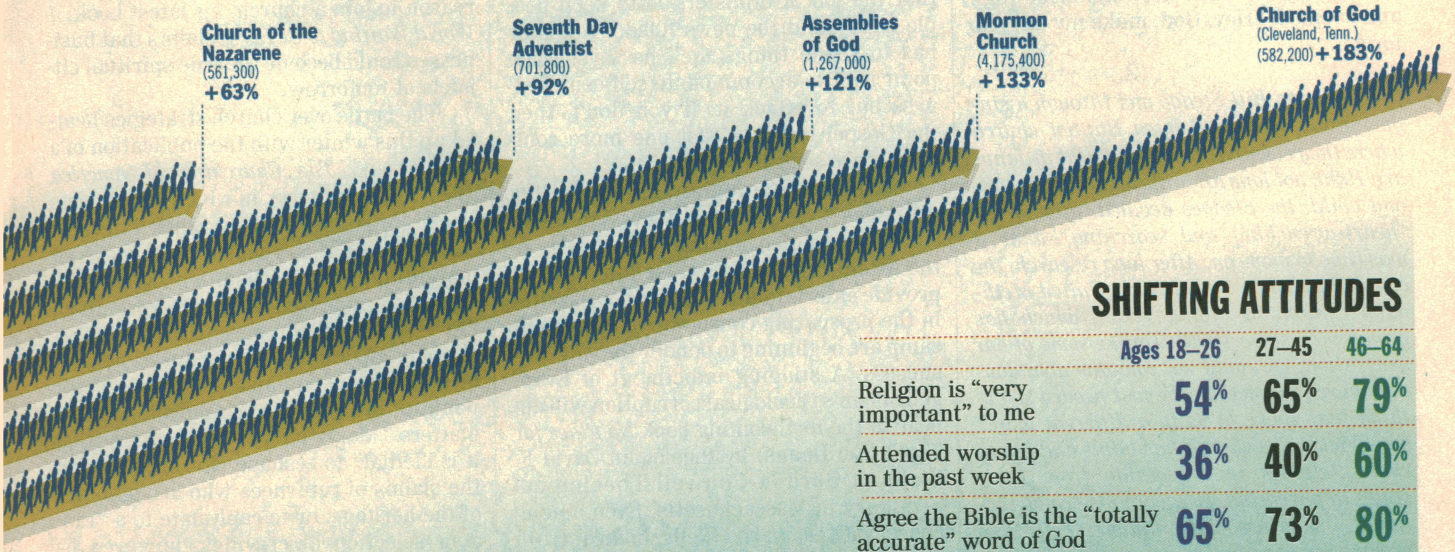
Analysts say mainliners are suffering because they have failed to transmit a compelling Christian message to their own children or to anybody else. "One thing about the Episcopalians, Methodists and Catholics," says Margaret Poloma, professor of sociology at the University of Akron, "is that people in leadership positions are out of touch with the people in the pews. The evangelical churches have made a real attempt to reach out to younger people." Though strict, doctrinaire religion might seem to drive away the tolerance-minded boomers, liberalism fares even worse. When the faith replaces firm claims to truth with a spongy, homemade folk religion, younger members seem to take it as an invitation to look elsewhere. The thriving evangelical churches, in contrast, have successfully struck a balance between compromise and capitulation. They recognize that boomers want choices, but, Roof argues, "they are also setting some boundaries, morally and religiously."

The Smiths joke that they are "cashews," an Irish Catholic married to a Jew who drifted away from his faith after his bar mitzvah. Chicago attorney Stephen Smith and his wife Eileen now find themselves searching together. "This isn't about having material goods and being empty. That's a cliché," says Stephen. "It's being in a place you can safely drop your guard. It's wanting to put meaning to a world where kids are shot going to school." The Smiths often attend Mass and also visit liberal Rabbi Allen Secher's monthly gatherings for those who don't fit into mainstream Judaism. Half humorously, some call themselves Secher's Searchers. "There's an enormous hunger," says Secher, but "I'm not seeing a lot of synagogues opening up and being creative enough to deal with that."

BY ANCIENT TRADITION A CHURCH is designed to celebrate the glory of God, the majesty of its vaults and the delicacy of its windows reflecting his exalted nature. Now, however, it must do many other things as well. "People are in the seeking mode. They are looking for places to get their needs met," says Pastor Joe S. Ratliff, whose mainly black Brentwood Baptist Church in Houston has swelled from 500 to 10,000 members over 13 years. "Why can't a church be seeker friendly?" Brentwood provides traditional Sunday school and prayer cells, but also a singles ministry (more than half the adult members are unmarried or divorced), prison ministry, AIDS ministry, food pantry, golf club and numerous after-school programs for youth, including tutoring.

The churches that are booming—Willow Creek Community Church near Chicago, for example, or the 429 congregations cloned from Calvary Chapel of Costa Mesa, California—do not resemble buttoned-down temples of Wasp propriety. Ministers themselves talk of being "customer oriented" and attend seminars to become "church growth" experts. Jeans are as welcome as suits and ties; theater seats replace pews. Instead of using hymnbooks, congregations sing lively, if saccharine, choruses with words projected on a screen. Worship may include skits, audience participation or applause.

Some successful boomer churches are shrines to secular movements, particularly the 12-step programs modeled on Alcoholics Anonymous. "We refer to ourselves as wounded healers," says Minister Mike Matoin of Unity in Chicago, himself a former bellhop, bouncer, cabdriver, and child of an alcoholic. "A lot of baby boomers can relate to us. We've been through our own recovery, and we're not on a pedestal." If a spiritual search is going on, it is for an inner child. In a room remarkably empty of religious paraphernalia, on a riser, behind the pulpit, an enormous teddy bear sits in the background. "The twentysomethings," observes Matoin, "are searching achievers. Working hard. 'I've got a condo, Rollerblades, but something's missing.' They've got prosperity but not peace of mind. The person in his 40s or 50s, it's the life experience. Busted relationships. They're alcoholics, married to alcoholics, bumped around, lost jobs, and they find a safe harbor."



SHIFTING ATTITUDES

	Ages 18–26	27–45	46–64
Religion is "very important" to me	54%	65%	79%
Attended worship in the past week	36%	40%	60%
Agree the Bible is the "totally accurate" word of God	65%	73%	80%
Read the Bible in the past week	31%	43%	54%

Source: The Barna Report. Based on a telephone poll of 1,013 adult Americans in January 1992 by the Barna Research Group Ltd. Sampling error is ± 3%. TIME Chart by Nigel Holmes

DAVE SCHLABOWSKE FOR TIME

Some return to conventional churches: Chicago's Cardinal Bernardin greets new Catholic converts at an initiation ritual

The eclectic, New Age–ish church has grown from 10 members to more than a thousand since 1977. It offers everything from self-help groups like Debtors Anonymous to a "pet ministry" for adopting stray animals. Songs one Sunday ranged from *Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'* to *Danny Boy.* In between, sneaker-shod Matoin bounded around like a school coach: "Everyone here was born to be a winner: you've got the choice." When he finished, the crowd sang, "Weave, weave us together in unity and love. Weave, weave us together. Let there be peace on earth, let it begin with me." As the meeting climaxed in hugging, Matoin raised his arms high and boomed, "Hey, God, make my day! Go for it!"

Vicki and Bill Sledge met through a singles group sponsored by a Baptist church where they eventually married. But in January 1990, not long after the birth of their second child, the Sledges decided, after much "heart-wrenching soul searching," that it was time to move on. After long research, the couple landed at Custer Road United Methodist Church in Plano, Texas, which has grown 50% since 1990. "Unlike some of our generation, we could not imagine abandoning church altogether. We just needed something that spoke to us in a different way," says Vicki. The church has adult and youth choirs, classes in everything from Bible study to parenting. Preaching is "conversational," says associate minister Pete Robertson. Sermons last no more than 15 minutes. "The days of the 20-, 30- or 40-minute sermons are gone."

Ministers are often the first to see the dangers of supply-side spirituality. "Patterning the church after a mega-supermarket can only lead us to failure," warns Methodist D. Stephen Long of Duke University's Divinity School. "I'm not opposed to the churches using some marketing techniques, but I fear what is happening is that marketing techniques are beginning to use the church. We can't target groups we want for the church simply by locating points of desire. Somewhere there's got to be some judgment about whether these desires are appropriate." He rejects the notion that the job of ministers is to keep people happy and the pews filled. "A pastor has to shake things up," he says. "The point isn't to accommodate self-centeredness but to attack it. If you don't, then the Gospel becomes just one more commodity we seek to package."

Catholic theologian Avery Dulles grumbles that just about everything in America, religion included, "succeeds to the extent that it can arouse interest and provide entertainment." Even voices within the prospering conservative Protestant camp are beginning to ponder the wages of success. A stinging indictment of Evangelicalism's theological corruption will appear in the forthcoming book *No Place for Truth* (Eerdmans) by theologian David F. Wells of Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary in Massachusetts. Even among conservatives, warns Wells, biblical truth "is being edged out by the small and tawdry interest of the self in itself." The Christian Gospel, he says, is becoming "indistinguishable from any of a host of alternative self-help doctrines."

Some of today's most influential religious figures are no longer theologians but therapists. For Evangelicals, the guru is Colorado's James Dobson, a child psychologist whose daily radio show, *Focus on the Family,* dispenses advice over 1,200 stations. Among mainline dropouts and seekers the star is Connecticut psychiatrist M. Scott Peck, who fused the psychological with the spiritual in *The Road Less Traveled,* a New York *Times* paperback best seller for a record 490 weeks. Peck was baptized a Christian in 1980 but sees no reason to join a church; his latest book, *A World Waiting to Be Born,* claims that businesses could become the true spiritual citadels of tomorrow.

The battle over church strategies heated up this winter with the publication of a lively book, *The Churching of America 1776-1990* (Rutgers), in which sociologists Roger Finke and Rodney Stark interpret 214 years of U.S. religion as a series of marketing coups. Historian Martin E. Marty summarized their interpretation: "No God or religion or spirituality, no issue of truth or beauty or goodness, no faith or hope or love, no justice or mercy; only winning and losing in the churching game matters." Marty, a Lutheran, remarks that it is "lethal" to reshape churches around the claims of returnees who are ignorant of the heritage, or to capitulate to a "random selection of cravings, nurtured by non-Christian and anti-Christian forces."

Other, younger ministers, schooled in a different set of assumptions and tradi-

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tions, disagree. "Who says targeting a group is unbiblical?" asks North Carolina Pastor Doug Humphrey. "After all, Paul preached primarily to the Gentiles, while Peter focused on the Jews." Humphrey and his Dallas Theological Seminary classmate Buddy Walters have marketing on their minds. They are in the process of planting a new church, set to open its doors for the first time next week on Easter morning. They have completed their demographic studies, chosen their advertising strategy, sent out the direct mail and targeted their ideal audience: the 5,000 or so potential congregants found in just one corner of North Carolina's Research Triangle. Their Triangle Community Church will be nondenominational. "Most churches haven't done a good job of responding to a culture that's changed," says Humphrey. "We don't need to change the message, but we can change the way we package it." He has his Easter morning sermon all planned: "Is the Resurrection a Fact or Fantasy?"

"People seem to be very concerned with the fact that the so-called baby boomers feel free—feel the compulsion, really—to question, that we shop around and don't have 'brand loyalty,' " says Joe B. Brown, 44, senior pastor at Hickory Grove Baptist Church in Charlotte, North Carolina. "Well, I don't find in the Bible where Jesus condemned people for asking too many questions. I do find where Jesus condemned people for thinking they had all the answers." When he arrived at Hickory Grove eight years ago, Brown could expect, at most, 500 people at a Sunday service. Today Sunday morning worship draws 5,000; Sunday evening, 2,000; and the Wednesday night service 2,000 again.

Though Hickory Grove is a member of the Southern Baptist Convention, only 30% of its members, whose average age is about 30, have been Baptists from birth. These variegated members are drawn together through close-knit support groups for substance abusers, adult children of alcoholics, and people with eating disorders, as well as through small Bible-study groups that also provide advice and comfort in the event of divorce, economic trouble or illness.

There is genuine creativity in the reconfigured faiths being fostered by the new seekers. Much is gained when houses of worship address real needs of people rather than purveying old abstractions, expectations and mannerisms. Many of those who have rediscovered churchgoing may ultimately be shortchanged, however, if the focus of their faith seems subtly to shift from the glorification of God to the gratification of man. —*With reporting by Jordan Bonfante/Los Angeles, Ratu Kamlani/New York, Elizabeth Taylor/Chicago and Lisa H. Towle/Raleigh*

CLINTON'S SPIRITUAL JOURNEY

The President's religious life defies both his political temperament and the habits of his generation

By PRISCILLA PAINTON

LEST IT BE THOUGHT THAT BILL Clinton—a man with a propensity to hug, a devotion to Thelonious Monk and his own jogging track—is altogether too tidy a baby boomer emblem, members of his generation ought to ask themselves: How many of them, if they were about to become President, would leave a black-tie party with Barbra Streisand to attend a midnight church service off-limits to cameras and reporters?

That Bill Clinton has been religious since childhood sets him apart from his peers—the legions who, at mid-life, are thrashing about for spiritual moorings. Clinton from age 8 has possessed a conviction about his Baptist faith so private that he does not even share it with his (Methodist) wife. (In Little Rock they attended separate churches.)

AP

Clinton and his wife share faith but differ on denominations

Unlike Ronald Reagan, who once said he did not attend church regularly because it was "wrong" to make worshippers go through metal detectors required for his security, Clinton has been a steady presence at Little Rock's Immanuel Baptist Church since 1980, singing in the choir every Sunday he was in town, wearing robe No. 192 and bringing his family Bible with him. Unlike Jimmy Carter, who made his born-again experience as a Baptist a public testament to his integrity, Clinton is deeply reticent about his faith, even showing mild disdain for those who would play up their faith in any way. "He would turn off the TV angrily whenever a beauty contestant said her success was due to Jesus Christ," his mother Virginia Kelley once said.

Unlike George Bush, whose Episcopal faith came to him as naturally as his other responsibilities as a legatee of the Eastern establishment, Clinton describes his relationship with God as something that has to be achieved, a spiritual place he is constantly struggling to reach despite an acute sense of his own mortal shortcomings. In one of three instances when he discussed the subject during last year's campaign, he told viewers of VISN, an interfaith cable network: "My faith tells me all of us are sinners, each of us is gone in our own way and fallen short of the glory of God, and that life's struggle is for sinners, not saints, for the weak, not the strong. Religious faith has permitted me to believe in the continuing possibility of becoming a better person every day, to believe in the search for complete integrity in life."

Clinton's journey began in the living room of his grandparents' home in Hope, where he lived until he was four and where a Bible was always left open. When his mother moved to Hot Springs, she seldom attended church. But the young Clinton

was often seen walking to Park Place Baptist Church alone, dressed up in his Sunday clothes and carrying his leatherbound Bible. "I can remember thinking, 'Isn't that neat that Bill is going. He must take it more seriously than we do.' My mother was having to drag us there," recalls Patty Howe Criner, a friend of Clinton's since elementary school. On Oct. 17, 1956, when he was 10 years old, Clinton made the overt profession of his personal commitment to Christ, as required by his Baptist denomination, and was publicly baptized by being immersed in water. A year later, he asked a Sunday-school teacher to take him 50 miles into Little Rock so he could listen to the Rev. Billy Graham. When he got home, he put part of his allowance in an envelope and sent it to the preacher.

After graduating from Hot Springs High in 1964, Clinton entered Georgetown University, where, according to an account he gave the Washington *Post*, at least one philosophy professor, Otto Hentz, thought his papers were so impressive that he should consider becoming a Jesuit priest. Hentz was surprised to learn that Clinton was not even a Catholic. From the time he was at Oxford through his years at Yale Law School and up through his election as attorney general of Arkansas in 1976 at age 30, Clinton was, by his own description, an "uneven churchgoer for a long time." But his defeat in 1980 after his first term as Governor changed that. Critics say his joining Immanuel Baptist Church, whose services are televised throughout the state, was nothing but an attempt to build goodwill with Arkansas voters. But, says his longtime chief of staff in Arkansas, Betsey Wright, "people overlook what a traumatic occurrence that defeat was. Getting himself into a church family was very important in terms of overcoming what he regarded as his own personal failure."

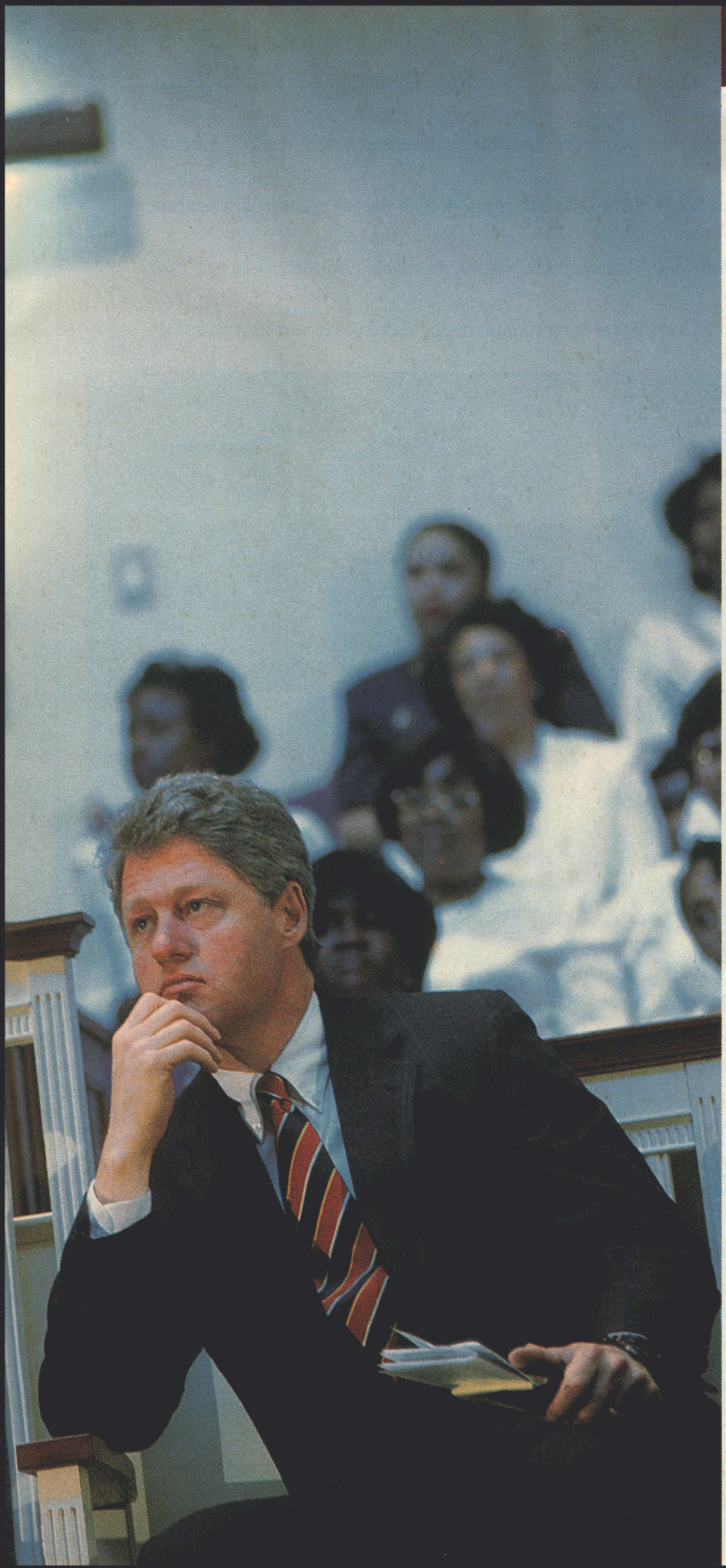
DURING THIS PERIOD, CLINTON'S religion found a dual expression, matching in some ways the tension in his personality between his populist leanings as an Elvis Presley–loving son of a small-town nurse and his intellectual élitism as a Rhodes scholar and full-time wonk. He developed an intense relationship with the Rev. W.O. Vaught of Immanuel Baptist, a biblical scholar known for his erudition, whose sermons were drawn directly from Scripture. Friends of both men say Clinton, who lost his father to a car accident before he was born, was drawn to him for his paternal and nonjudgmental counsel. Vaught, who died of bone cancer three years ago, helped Clinton reconcile the conflict between his pious instincts and his political ones on two major positions—his defense of the death penalty and abortion rights. According to Vaught's son Carl, the Governor summoned the minister for breakfast one morning to discuss the morality of capital punishment. Vaught argued that in its Hebrew translation, the Sixth Commandment does not say one is never allowed to take the life of another; what it forbids is murder. From a sermon he delivered, Vaught also helped Clinton come to terms with his ambivalence about abortion. According to his son, Vaught argued that "the Hebrew word for life is 'breath,' and that life is connected to the moment when one is born and takes one's first breath." Above all, says Carl, a philosophy professor at Pennsylvania State University, the two men "met at the sacred place where people can encounter something ultimate, something that you just don't go beyond."

Clinton found a similar experience in a more open, musical setting—the Pentecostal revival meetings held once every summer in Redfield, Arkansas, where about 2,000 worshippers commune with God by singing, clapping and speaking in tongues. His relationship with the state's Pentecostal community had its political uses: several Pentecostal pastors served as conduits between him and the religious right on issues like the state regulation of church-based schools and day-care centers. But what began as a political stopover in Redfield in the late '70s also became a different kind of pilgrimage. Vaught would often voice his disapproval of the Pentecostals for their emotionalism, but Clinton returned every year, sometimes with his saxophone, and his ties grew more solid in the weeks after his 1980 defeat when two Pentecostal ministers sought him out at the Governor's mansion to offer love, comfort and prayer. Clinton's childhood friend Carolyn Staley recalls bumping into Clinton at a Little Rock shopping center around 1986 and being asked inside the Governor's Lincoln Continental to listen to a taped rendition of *In the Presence of Jehovah* by a Pentecostal singer. "He was spellbound. He was carried away with it," she says.

Clinton's faith has occasionally been on display during the past year. He mentioned God occasionally in his campaign speeches and, whether in his Inaugural Address or at a prayer breakfast in Washington two months ago, has displayed his knowledge of Scripture. He shed a very public tear at the ceremony at Washington's A.M.E. Metropolitan Church on Inauguration morning while listening to a live performance of *In the Presence of Jehovah*.

This faith has not protected him against attacks by his Baptist brethren. In fact, his minister friends have been startled by the degree of pious animus directed at him from some conservative pulpits since his election. The Rev. D. James Kennedy,

CYNTHIA JOHNSON FOR TIME



Clinton was an uneven churchgoer in his college years but returned to the pew after his traumatic 1980 defeat as Governor

pastor of the 8,000-member Coral Ridge Presbyterian Church in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, whose religious broadcast is carried on 360 television stations nationwide, earlier this year cited a tabloid account of Clinton's alleged affair with former Arkansas cabaret singer Gennifer Flowers as an indication of the President's moral delinquency. "If his wife cannot rely upon him to keep his vows of fidelity to her in marriage," Kennedy said in an interview, "then why should the country be expected to believe that he would keep his vows made in the assumption of his office?" The Rev. Jerry Falwell told his *Old-Time Gospel Hour* television audience on Nov. 8 that he objected to having a "womanizer" in the White House and said he had a tape of Clinton and Flowers discussing oral sex. Falwell did not reveal precisely the source or nature of the recording and, as if to spare his fellow worshippers the experience, told them he would not play it. But, he said, "it makes it a little hard for me having heard him say that . . . to, uh, respect him."

If such attacks against Clinton are so acutely personal, it is because the religious right sees him not just as a political enemy but also as a wayward relative. Since the election, eight state Baptist conventions have passed resolutions condemning Clinton's stance on abortion or homosexuality or both. "It's very rare that so many conventions would direct such critical remarks directly at a President," says Greg Warner, the executive editor of the Associated Baptist Press, an independent news service. "Part of the reason is that he claims the Southern Baptist label but does not behave the way they want or expect a Southern Baptist to behave."

Much of the intensity of Clinton's spiritual life remains enclosed within his family and, occasionally, a small circle of believers. He prays with Chelsea at her bedtime on the nights when he is home, and on past occasions when he and Hillary could not get to church, the family held its own devotional. He has said that in recent years, he and Hillary, a devout Methodist who carried Scriptures on the campaign trail, have had increasingly long conversations about how to live an honorable life and the nature of life after death. On the day after Christmas, at a gathering in Staley's home of Little Rock preachers, Clinton let on that he harbored some pastoral ambitions in the Oval Office. One of the guests handed him a plaque with the verses from *Psalms* describing how God presented David to his people as their shepherd and "David cared for them with a true heart and a skillful hand." Visibly moved, he replied, "That's what I want to be." ■

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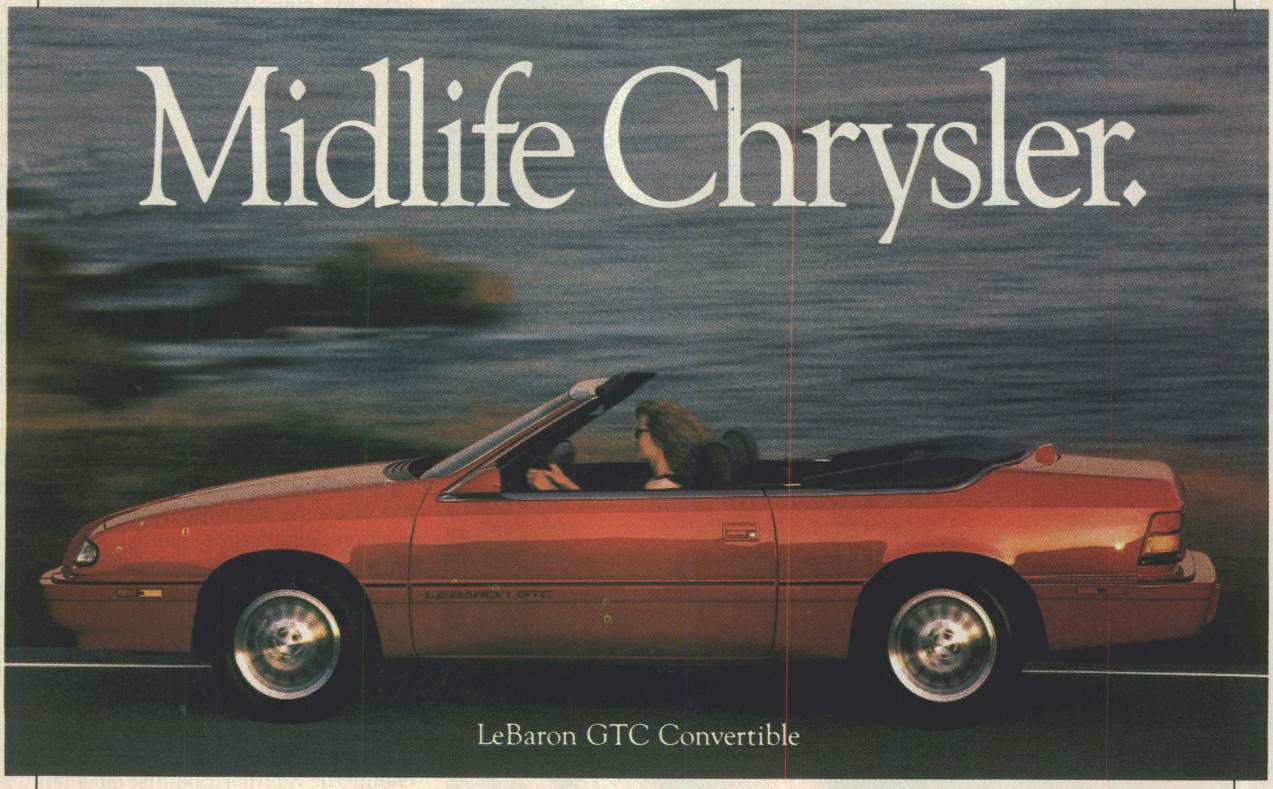

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MUSIC

Rock Me, I'm Irish

Influenced by Bono and Sinéad, malt liquor and hip-hop, a new wave of Irish rockers has arrived

By CHRISTOPHER JOHN FARLEY

IN THE CRAMPED CONFINES OF MANhattan's Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, where signs such as PARKING FOR IRISH ONLY adorn the wall, patrons are lifting their glasses and raising their fists. On stage, the Irish-American rock band Black 47 is launching into a combustible version of the title song of their debut album *Fire of Freedom*. "Let's get this place moving," bellows lead singer Larry Kirwan. "These are songs of freedom, revolution."

Finally. Rock 'n' roll that means something again. What's Duran Duran doing back on the charts anyway? Throw those pretty boys back into the junkyard of pop, along with disco, the lambada and the funky chicken. Here comes Irish rock, with Guinness on its breath and a union slogan on the tip of its tongue.

In the '60s, Ireland gave the world Van Morrison; in the '70s, Bob Geldof and the Boomtown Rats; in the '80s, U2 and Sinéad O'Connor. Now there's Black 47. The group's new album deals with such subjects as class warfare and potato famine, and their new video *Funky Céilí* is getting heavy play on MTV. Then there's the Irish band Hothouse Flowers, whose new album *Songs from the Rain* is both intelligent and evocative, full of the kind of arena-size emotions that are likely to seduce large audiences. And the new compilation *Straight Outta Ireland*—whose title plays off a hardcore rap album named *Straight Outta Compton*—showcases other promising Irish musicians.

It's the support of successful Irish groups, directly and indirectly, that helped the new trend develop. Several of the groups on *Straight Outta Ireland* got career boosts by having singles released on labels sponsored by U2. "Bands like U2 and Sinéad helped give people a sense of pride and potential," says Niall Stokes, editor of *Hot Press,* a Dublin music magazine. "U2 is revered, but the Irish are cynical by nature. They see [U2 lead singer] Bono and think, If that ridiculous idiot can do it, then so can I."

This wave of Irish artists is also finding ideological inspiration in the anti-Establishment attitudes of rap and reggae; in addition, these musicians are reaching back into their country's heritage, using traditional instruments and singing about Irish political themes. Irish pop music experts point out that in the past few years the genre has diversified. There's House of Pain, an Irish-American rap group that features b-boy bravado and beer-soaked rhymes ("Coming with the style of a Celtic rebel/ Those that ain't on my level call me the blue-eyed devil"), and the Belfast grunge band Therapy?, whose debut album *Nurse* wallows in pounding metal rhythms and anarchistic attitude ("I don't need you/ I don't want you/ I don't want to feel anymore"). Earlier this year Stokes tried to put together an issue of *Hot Press* listing the hottest 100 Irish bands but found he couldn't do it; he had to expand the list to 140. Says Stokes: "There's not a chance that would have happened five years ago."

In the U.S., clubs like Paddy Reilly's and Sin-é, also in New York, have helped break in many of these new acts, giving them a supportive place to develop an audience. At Sin-é (which means "that's it"), Sinéad O'Connor has been seen helping clean up. Black 47, which combines traditional Irish instruments such as the uilleann pipe (a bellows-blown bagpipe) with reggae beats and straight-ahead rock, spent several years being heckled at pubs in the Bronx and Queens before settling in at Reilly's. The band's seasoning is apparent on their debut album; with assurance and maturity, the album covers such topics as interracial sex and James Connolly, a revolutionary union leader in Ireland executed by the British in 1916.

It's the proletariat passion of Black 47's songs that make the group stand out. "So hold on to your rifles, boys, don't give up your dream/ Of a Republic for the workin' class, economic liberty," Kirwan sings on the cut *James Connolly.* There's morbid humor too, as on the semiautobiographical song *Maria's Wedding,* about a drunk, frustrated suitor who crashes an ex-girlfriend's nuptials, promising the bride he'll quit his band and "even go out and get a job for you."

Band leader Kirwan was born in Wexford, Ireland, and immigrated to the States in the '70s; he began to form Black 47 in 1989. He writes all the group's songs, mixing in events from his life, including those early rejections from New York clubs. Says Kirwan: "By playing in those Irish places where we had to play for people who didn't care about us one way or another, or hated us, we couldn't help but get better."

Straight Outta Ireland features Irish bands that are still on that road to recognition. One of the brightest artists on the album is Katell Keineg, a vocalist with a clear, pure voice. Another act with strong potential is the Chanting House, with their neo-traditional flute and fiddle sound. These are the groups that will help link Ireland's musical past with its future. "We write the songs using the rhythms of jigs and reels, but at the same time they are unmistakably rock songs," says Chanting House lead singer Susan McKeown. "Traditional music is dear to me, but it's up to the new generation to see how it's carried down."

With Black 47 leading the way, those traditions are in good hands. —***Reported by Lisa McLaughlin/New York***

OUTLINE

Today New York, tomorrow the world. Kirwan, second from left, and Black 47 lead the Irish invasion.

PROFILE

Go Ahead, Make My Career

Clint Eastwood's film Unforgiven confirms that this is one actor who can redefine himself, and his genre

By PAUL A. WITTEMAN LOS ANGELES

HOLLYWOOD ON A SATURDAY MORNING. The world's biggest box-office star is pulling his forest green GMC Typhoon out of a parking lot when four guys with clipboards dash toward him through the traffic. What would Dirty Harry do? Never mind. Clint Eastwood is not Dirty Harry. He stops, signs a few autographs and produces his patented tight-lipped smile as his supplicants bob their heads and murmur profuse thanks.

In real life, Eastwood knows how to play the self-deprecating good guy. Just listen to him explain why they wanted him to sign blank slips of paper rather than personalized greetings to Uncle Cappy in Port Clyde. "It's a business," he says. "They trade them." He pauses, grins, then adds, "You get one Steve McQueen for four of mine."

Not anymore, even though the inventory of McQueen autographs is not going to increase. This is Eastwood's Year of Being Taken Seriously. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences showered Eastwood and his latest film, *Unforgiven,* with nine Oscar nominations, and the Directors Guild of America improved his odds for taking home a statue when it made him its choice for his work on *Unforgiven.* Whatever the results on Monday night, Eastwood had crossed the divide that separates a constellation from a star and a serious filmmaker from someone who merely makes movies.

The puzzle is, How did people miss the big transition? It's not that Eastwood has been toiling in obscurity, making little jewels about the plight of the sea otter in the Gulf of Alaska. This is a man who has been the biggest draw in movie theaters for more than 20 years. How big? The 21 movies he has made for Warner Bros. since 1971 have had box-office sales of $1.2 billion worldwide. (Harrison Ford and Arnold Schwarzenegger may one day be contenders.) The videotape sales of his movies have brought in an additional $139 million, and the sound tracks another $25 million or so. Then there are the rights fees that television networks pay every time they broadcast an Eastwood classic like *Dirty Harry.* "It all rolls up," says Barry Reardon, president of Warner Bros. Distributing Corp., a man who is not intimidated by big numbers. "I suppose if you added everything together, you would come up with some astronomical figure." One that is constantly growing.

Nevertheless, Eastwood almost fell into the trap successful actors sometimes set for themselves. For the better part of four decades, he created superficial, though memorable, characters. First there was Rowdy Yates, the carefree cowpoke in the television series *Rawhide.* Then came the Man with No Name, an avenging angel wearing spurs in Sergio Leone's spaghetti westerns. After that it was Dirty Harry, the police inspector who cleaned up the streets of San Francisco. Both his fans and his critics seemed to conspire to keep him in character: they continued to see him, for good or ill, as they first saw him, when it was easy to love him or despise him. They didn't want to grant him his complexities.

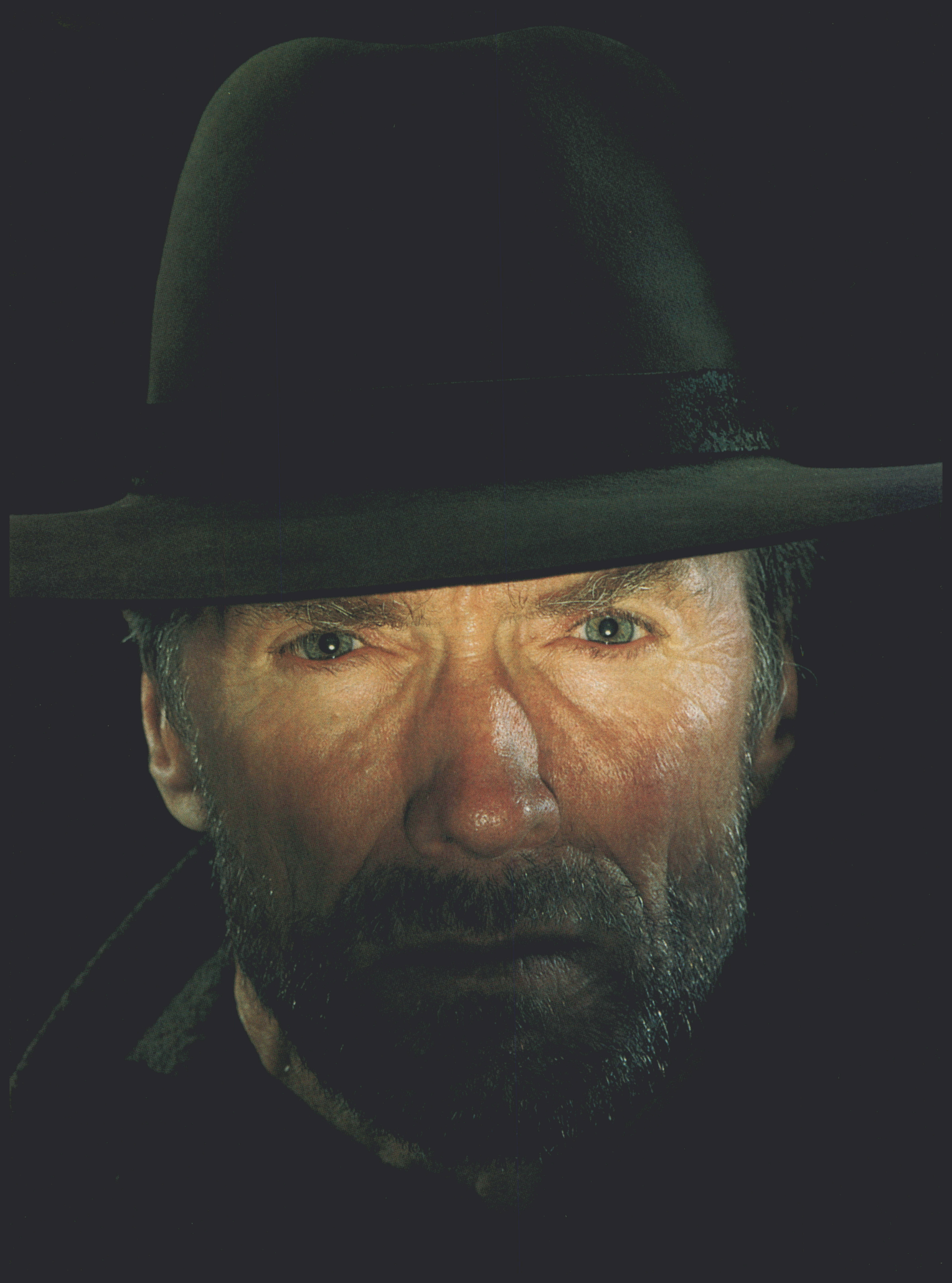
For a considerable time, Eastwood obliged them. "You have to do what is realistic for you," he said 15 years ago. "You can stretch your machinery, but the audience might not believe you." Baloney, argued Eastwood's friend and director Don Siegel at the time. "It surprises me that he is not more interested in a greater variety of roles. I can't understand why the greatest box-office star in the world doesn't get better material to work with. He persists in doing the same thing."

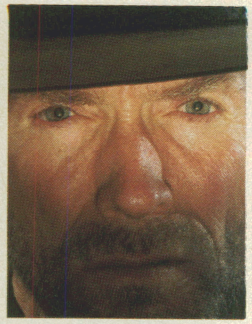
But in 1980, with the making of *Bronco Billy,* Eastwood began to reach for a richer cinematic legacy. In this Capraesque comedy about a New Jersey shoe salesman turned Wild West show impresario, no guns are fired in anger. Instead Eastwood began to explore the limits of his often damaged characters in a quieter, more reflective way. Nor were villains dispatched bloodily three years later in *Honkytonk Man,* a melancholy movie about a drunken musician in which Eastwood starred with his son Kyle. "I'd hate to look back on my portfolio someday and think, 'Well, I did 100 *Magnum* films and one car-wreck film," he said after *Honkytonk Man* was released. "I'd like to think that I had a broad career of various types of films and roles." Unfortunately, nobody out there but Eastwood was paying much attention. The film was a bomb.

Not compared to *Bird,* however. This dense but compelling biography of the saxophone player Charlie Parker disappeared without a ripple after its release in 1990. It was Eastwood's most ambitious and uncompromising effort as a director, shot at length in murky, natural light. If *Bird* established that Eastwood was willing to take chances behind the camera, *White Hunter, Black Heart* proved he was willing to take huge and potentially embarrassing risks as an actor. His portrayal of a film director modeled on John Huston was as removed from the characters his public had come to expect as Orson Welles is from Donald Duck. Like *Bird,* it was a commercial failure.

Yet each experience taught him more about his craft and prepared him for *Unforgiven,* a lean and provocative antiwestern in which the good guys are not so swell and the bad guys are not entirely deserving of their fate. For Eastwood it was something new, garbed in familiar cowboy clothing. Only after the final gunfight does the director allow his alter ego, the actor, to indulge in a brief valedictory to the satiric excess that characterized the Eastwood of an

Photograph by Eddie Adams—Sygma





"Hollywood pays too much attention to home runs. Singles and doubles can win the game when longevity is the goal."

earlier era. "Any son of a bitch who takes a shot at me," gunman William Munny bellows into the night, "I'm not only going to kill him, I'm going to kill his wife, all his friends and burn his damn house down." As Eastwood likes to say, "Just another one of my flawed characters." Moviegoers were impressed enough to make *Unforgiven* the biggest box-office success Eastwood has ever produced.

His willingness and ability to transcend his image helps answer some of the questions about the trajectory of his career, among them: How come he isn't Doug McClure, one of those TV-series hunks of the '60s who faded into anonymity? Or merely a Sylvester Stallone, one of those action heroes who have achieved nothing like the longevity Eastwood has? Neither could have, or would have, made a movie like *Unforgiven*. With the intelligent shyness that empowers many great actors, Eastwood embraced the entire craft of filmmaking, wandering the sets and picking up insights even as he was churning out B movies in his early days. Even now, he keeps a VCR on location to study movies new and old. "My involvement goes deeper than acting or directing," he once said. "I love every aspect of the creation of motion pictures, and I guess I'm committed to it for life."

He takes the work seriously, but not himself. During the *Unforgiven* shoot, he regaled the crew with his wicked John Wayne impersonation. When Gene Hackman kicked the hell out of him in their first saloon encounter, the script called for Hackman to stride over to the bar and pour a drink. From his position on the floor, where he was miming grievous hurt, Eastwood didn't call cut. Instead he groaned, "Pour one of those for me."

He is quick to spread the credit for his success to a loyal and veteran production crew. His wardrobe man, Glenn Wright, has been with him since *Rawhide* in the early '60s. Cameraman Jack Green has worked on 18 Eastwood films, and production designer Henry Bumstead has been on board for two decades. "Henry Bumstead likes to say that I take the bulls___ out of moviemaking. It's pros like Henry who do that for me," says Eastwood. "All I'm doing is encouraging them."

Eastwood plans his productions like military campaigns and compares his role to that of an officer in combat. "Making a film takes on a life of its own," he says. "You guide that life along like a platoon leader, getting everybody kind of enthused to charge the hill." To a relative newcomer like actress Frances Fisher, who plays the prostitute Strawberry Alice in *Unforgiven* and is Eastwood's current companion, it all seems seamless. "He is the most confident director I have ever seen. He kind of glides through it all." Distractions are kept to a minimum and posturing discouraged. "He says very little to you," says Hackman, whom Eastwood lured to play the sheriff in *Unforgiven*. "I appreciate that. Most of what directors say to actors is said for the benefit of the people standing around the camera."

"I don't want to intellectualize it too much," Eastwood says of his preference for keeping rehearsals to a minimum and putting the first take in the can. As a result, Eastwood films are delivered under budget and ahead of schedule. "He gets the most out of a dollar spent," says Warner Bros. chairman Bob Daly. "Ninety-five percent of his movies are hugely profitable." Eastwood says producing appeals to his practical side. "I like to ask myself, 'What is the best way we can do this without slighting the film?' "

Eastwood developed his prudence as a child of the Depression. His family roamed Northern California and the Northwest as his father searched for work. The determination of the father shaped the son's bedrock respect for honest labor. There are no exceptions. Of the potential career of his 21-year-old daughter Alison as an actress, Eastwood says, "She has to decide if she wants to work at it."

Eastwood attended eight grammar schools in eight years, an experience that taught him self-reliance and a suspicion of the intentions of strangers. "When you're the new kid in town, you always have to punch it out with the other kids the first day or so before they accept you," he says. If they didn't, Eastwood did not let it trouble him.

LIKE MOST NATIVES OF THE SAN FRANCISco area, Eastwood grew up scorning Los Angeles. Unlike other actors whose careers drew them toward the studios, Eastwood kept his distance. He created two lives, one based in his office on the Warner lot in Burbank, the other up the coast in Carmel. His friends there have included a schoolteacher, a former bar owner and an itinerant barber. Film is rarely a topic of conversation. Carmel residents protect his privacy, even those who disagreed with his policies—such as a modest liberalization of the zoning laws—when he was mayor in 1986-87.

No one in L.A. could figure out why the most powerful actor in the industry would want to be mayor of a village of 4,700 people. Unless, of course, Eastwood had larger ambitions. That made sense to them. The more Eastwood denied it, the more convinced became those who breathe the rarefied air in Bel Air and Beverly Hills that Eastwood was grooming himself to become the next Ronald Reagan. It was far simpler than that. Eastwood felt his town government wasn't working, and he was willing to sacrifice his privacy to try to fix it. Eastwood, like the Man with No Name or Dirty Harry, acts decisively on his convictions.

"I wasn't wild when he became mayor," Daly says. "He went from two films to one a year." Once in office, Eastwood discovered that it is easier to build consensus when directing a film crew than in a city council. Sessions descended into fights over such topics as whether ice cream cones should be banned in public and whether fireworks would be permitted on the village beach for the Fourth of July. He says now he is happy he did not run for city council instead, where the term is four years instead of two.

At 63, Eastwood stands at another juncture. Finally, he has been embraced by those who practice his craft. He reigns as the richest and most powerful man in an industry where the two attributes are virtually synonymous. Yet his focus is on the next task. *In the Line of Fire*, a film about the Secret Service, is due for release this spring. He'll be taking the crew to Texas soon to get started on *A Perfect World*, a crime drama about a Texas sheriff chasing an escaped convict who has kidnapped a child. Neither may win any awards. "Hollywood pays too much attention to home runs," he says. "Singles and doubles can win the game when longevity is the goal. Besides, if all I ever did was hit one home run, the only thing I'd be now is a celebrity has-been."

That would be out of character. ■

Klingon: The Final Frontier

Forget French; with a little effort you can learn to say what no one has said before

By JAMES GORMAN

RICH YAMPELL, A SOFTWARE ENGINEER in Stoughton, Massachusetts, was at a party recently in Washington State, and the conversation was just great. "The Klingon speakers were all at one end of the table," he reports, "and nobody else could understand a word we were saying."

Klingon? That's right, Klingon—the alien tongue spoken in *Star Trek* movies and TV shows by bellicose fellows with the permanently furrowed brows. It sounds a bit like Japanese, a bit like Yiddish, with a lot of choking sounds and rough, saliva-spraying sibilants. (A handkerchief is recommended for novice speakers.) The idiom of a warrior culture, Klingon doesn't have words for "nice" or "pretty" or even "hello"—the standard greeting is "What do you want?" (*nuqneH?*). But if you want to say "Surrender or die!" and sound like you mean it, Klingon is for you.

And for a growing number of other earthlings. Not only is Klingon a real language, sort of, it is the fastest growing language in the universe (if you consider that it started with a base line of zero speakers in the mid-1980s). It was invented by a linguist named Marc Okrand, whose business is producing closed captions for television. He happened to be in the Paramount cafeteria having lunch with a friend just when the producers of the film *Star Trek II* were desperately looking for someone with a Ph.D. to do a bit of Vulcan dialogue. Okrand offered his services.

Vulcan, mother tongue of the pointy-eared Spock, never really took off, but Okrand hit linguistic pay dirt when he was hired a year later to do Klingon dialogue for *Star Trek III*. He took his job more seriously than anyone expected, creating a substantial vocabulary and some kinky and sophisticated grammatical rules that are linguistically solid, albeit "kind of unnatural from a human point of view." (Klingon sentences, for instance, follow a bizarre object-verb-subject syntax.) In 1985 Okrand published the vocabulary and rules in *The Klingon Dictionary,* which now has 250,000 copies in print and is still going strong. Last fall he came out with an audiotape, *Conversational Klingon* (50,000 copies). On it, Okrand and Michael Dorn, who plays Klingon Lieutenant Worf in TV's *Star Trek: The Next Generation,* teach you how to insult your enemies, curse and ask where the bathroom is when you visit the Klingon Empire.

The success of these products is perhaps less than startling, given *Star Trek's* cultlike status. But what has stunned Okrand and his delighted publisher, Simon & Schuster, is that folks are assiduously studying—and speaking—the language, though learning it is a real *oy* (pain). To his amazement,

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Okrand has been accosted by ardent students and subjected to barrages of fluent Klingon. Yampell, who once perpetrated such a barrage, was disappointed to find that the idiom's inventor responded with a blank stare. "He doesn't really speak the language, although he does pronounce it much better than I do." Despite his lack of fluency, Okrand is revered by students of the warrior tongue. "When it comes to Klingon," says one disciple, "anything Marc Okrand writes is the word of God."

Of course, being a deity isn't what it used to be. In some ways, the language has started to get away from its author. Informal courses have been given by Klingish folk at M.I.T., Northeastern Illinois University and other institutions. Some students of the language have tried to change its difficult spelling. Others are extrapolating new grammatical rules.

Then there's the year-old Klingon Language Institute (P.O. Box 634, Flourtown, Pennsylvania 19031), which has about 200 members and publishes the quarterly journal *HolQeD* (translation: *Linguistics*). "It started out as sort of a joke," says founder Lawrence Schoen, who sometimes uses Klingon in the linguistics courses he teaches at Chestnut Hill College in Philadelphia. But now *HolQeD* includes scholarly articles as well as Klingon word games and other light features. Thanks to some press reports mentioning the organization, the institute has recently been flooded with nearly a thousand inquiries from Klingon fanciers on five continents. (Send stamped, self-addressed envelopes, pleads Schoen.) Those with access to Internet can pick up Klingon on-line. Some 100 enthusiasts trade Klingon barbs and fine grammatical points on the worldwide computer network.

Few humans can take credit for inventing an entire language, and Okrand feels the weight of his responsibility. "I'm stuck," he says. "I've got this book out. I can't violate it." The question is, How to build on his own Klingon Empire? Seth Gershel, of Simon & Schuster Audio, sees a niche for Klingon motivational tapes: how to think like a warrior. Of course, he's not serious, is he? Says Gershel: "I don't know if I'm joking." ■

Quintessential Klingon

ENGLISH	KLINGON	ROUGH PRONUNCIATION
Do you speak Klingon?	**tlhIngan Hol Dajatlh'a'**	***TLIngan khol da-jatl-A***
Where is a good restaurant?	**nuqDaq 'oH Qe' QaQ'e'**	***NOOK-dak okh kkhe KKHAKKH-e***
Where is the bathroom?	**nuqDaq 'oH puchpa''e'**	***NOOK-dak okh pooch-PA-e***
I don't understand.	**jIyajbe'**	***ji-YAJ-be***
I'm lost.	**jIHtaHbogh naDev vISovbe'**	***JIKH-takh-bogh na-DEV vi-shov-BE***
Beam me aboard.	**HIjol**	***khi-JOL***
Surrender or die!	**bIjeghbe'chugh vaj bIHegh**	***bi-jegh-BE-choogh vaj bi-KHEGH***

If Oscar Were a Woman: He might insist on better roles for women.

MICHAEL WITTE FOR TIME

Woman as Door Prize: In *Mad Dog and Glory,* Bill Murray gives Uma Thurman to Robert De Niro. We'd have preferred a Rolex.

R. PHILLIPS—UNIVERSAL

CINEMA

A Few Good W

That's the quota for females in film. And the number keeps on dropping.

By RICHARD CORLISS

WHEN IS A MAJORITY A MINORity? When the majority (of the U.S. population) is women, and the medium is movies.

The folks behind this week's Academy Awards ceremony tried hard to make Hollywood seem a haven of equality. They devised a special tribute, "Oscar Celebrates Women and the Movies." But the salute only underlined the plight of women in movies. Something has gone deeply wrong when Hollywood, which built its worldwide appeal on boy-meets-girl, needs affirmative action for women.

"That Oscar theme is a joke," says film critic Molly Haskell, "because men are now playing *all* the roles. They get the macho roles *and* the sweet-sensitive roles, and they play the sexual pinups too. The best woman's role of 1992 was in *The Crying Game,* and *that* was played by a man."

At this stag banquet, the pickings—or leavings—for women were slim. They got to play wives and invalids, to judge from this year's five Oscar nominees for Best Actress. Oh, yes, Mary McDonnell in *Passion Fish,* Susan Sarandon in *Lorenzo's Oil,* Emma Thompson in *Howards End,* Catherine Deneuve in *Indochine* and Michelle Pfeiffer in *Love Field* all played strong, exemplary idealists. The actresses all received critical plaudits. But what is the sound of two hands clapping in a nearly empty theater, when other rooms in the multiplex are filled with crowds cheering for teenage turtles and the righteous Marines of *A Few Good Men*? The five Best Actress films have earned only $36 million total at the North American box office—less than the cheapo comedy *Encino Man.* The one "hit" in the quintet, *Howards End,* has grossed less in its yearlong run than *Batman Returns* did in its opening weekend.

To an extent, the Best Actress list is misleading as an indicator of women's drawing power in American movies. The Academy might well have nominated three actresses who gave terrific performances in high-earning movies: Pfeiffer, poignant and powerful as the mouse turned tiger (I am Catwoman, hear me roar) in *Batman Returns;* Meryl Streep, devastatingly funny as a star facing middle age in *Death Becomes Her;* and Sharon Stone, her sensuality a tantalizing blend of glamour and horror, in *Basic Instinct.* But Oscar, a gentleman and a liberal, prefers women's roles that are role models. He might feel uneasy citing actresses whose characters tread the minefield that separates traditional femininity and modern feminism. "The general feeling," says director Jon Avnet (*Fried Green Tomatoes*), "is that if a woman is bright, aggressive and successful, she's got to be a bitch."

The movie industry's feminists might feel uneasy too. They look at the movie landscape and see a wasteland, where the meaty roles women get tend to be predators or sex kittens. "Hollywood is trying to resexualize its women back into submission," says Callie Khouri, screenwriter of the feminist buddy movie *Thelma & Lou-*

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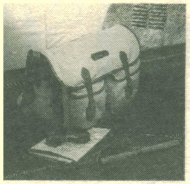

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TRI STAR—SHOOTING STAR

Woman as Killer: Frankly, we're still not sure Sharon Stone "dun it" in *Basic Instinct*. But we know she's got it.

MIRAMAX FILMS

Woman as Smart, Sensitive Nurturer: "The best woman's role was in *The Crying Game*, and *that* was played by a man."

omen

ise. "This whole idea that women are powerful because they're sexy is a crock. Sex isn't power. Money is power. But the women who do best in this society are the ones who are the most complacent in the role of women as sexual commodity, be it Madonna, Julia Roberts or Sharon Stone. If Stone hadn't spread her legs, would *Basic Instinct* have done as well as it did?"

And if Stone's character hadn't kept an ice pick at her bedside, would the thriller have been a hit? "We've got a lot of women as bad guys," says producer Lynda Obst (*The Fisher King*). "It's a reflection, I think, of men's fears about women." *Basic Instinct*, plus *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle* and *Single White Female,* made 1992 the Year of the Killer Woman—of the vixen, nanny or best friend who uses sex as the appetizer for destruction. And 1993 could be the Year of the Woman as Door Prize. In *Honeymoon in Vegas, Mad Dog and Glory* and the forthcoming *Indecent Proposal,* starring Robert Redford and Demi Moore, a young woman is the gift one man offers another. "You couldn't get away with this retro idea with any other kind of person," fumes Khouri. "Would Eddie Murphy star in a movie where he was a gift to a white person?"

Hey, Ms. Khouri, it's work—and actresses aren't getting much of that, in good roles or bad. Writers and directors will still make room for women's roles if they fit the new conventions of "nurturer or shrew," as comedian Ann Magnuson defines them in her new one-woman show. "Basically, I vacillate between those two roles," she says. "The dialogue boils down to either 'F___ me' or 'F___ you.' "

Is this part of some diabolical conspiracy to reduce women to the sum of their private parts? No; the surface reason is simpler. "It's economics," says writer-director Nora Ephron (*When Harry Met Sally . . ., This Is My Life*). "Movies cost more than ever. What studios look for when they sink $20 million into a movie is some way to get their money back. So they put one of 12 male stars in it."

The studios also like movies that earn their money back quickly with a big gross on the opening weekend. And what group stokes those grosses? Young guys who, having nothing better to do with their Friday and Saturday nights, line up to be the first in their school to see a highly hyped action drama. It's the true revenge of the nerds. "The *Ninja Turtles* audience shows up," says Obst. "The women's audience doesn't—not in bulk. And you need that bulk business for a picture to be widely released." In industry lingo, hit films can be classified by gender: action movies (*Batman Returns*) have immediate muscle; women's pictures (*The Bodyguard*) have long legs. As Ephron notes, "Teenage boys are driving the business because they'll go early and go back again. That's why it's easier to get a movie made about a man with a hangnail than a woman with a truly interesting problem."

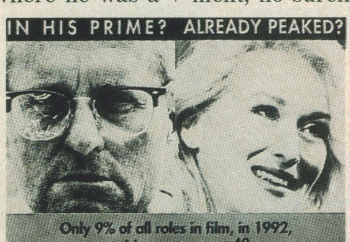
And that's why there are, at the moment, no surefire female stars; Julia Roberts is on sabbatical, Jodie Foster had a low grosser (*Little Man Tate*) between two hits (*The Silence of the Lambs* and *Sommersby*), and Sharon Stone is not yet bankable. "It's been a long time," says Columbia Pictures chairman Mark Canton, "since women have had any reliable impact on big box office." Decades, to be exact. In the '60s women were the top-billed stars in eight of the yearly box-office champs: *West Side Story, Cleopatra, Mary Poppins, The Sound of Music, Hawaii, The Graduate, Funny Girl* and *Love Story*. But since 1970 only one top-grossing film (*E.T.,* an anomaly) has had an actress's name at the top.

In many hit "women's pictures" (*Terms of Endearment, Steel Magnolias, Fried Green Tomatoes*), the story was considered the star. And in most of them, the starring actresses were in Hollywood's pariah category: women over 40. "It takes 20 years to make someone a good actor," says SAG's Kathryn Swink. "And when women reach their potential, they're shut out."

So are audiences, male and female, who want in their movie diet something tastier and more varied than the raw meat of macho adventures and comedies. Filmmakers are kissing off half their audience on the assumption that men go out to the movies while women stay home and watch TV—where women's and family issues tend to rule the sitcoms and movies of the week, and where aging screen queens (Lucille Ball, Doris Day, Candice Bergen and now Faye Dunaway) find a congenial home.

Well, women do get out of the house, as indicated by two surprise hits of 1992: *Sister Act,* whose star, Whoopi Goldberg, could earn a man-size $7.5 million for the sequel, and Penny Marshall's *A League of Their Own*. Now, says Obst, "it's easier for me to pitch movies that are close to my heart because I have more models I can point to."

For the sake of its own survival, Hollywood must believe what Canton says: "If we put women in good roles in good stories, female audiences will come." If Hollywood cinema can explore the full range of emotion and conviction—which means putting more women on both sides of the camera—then maybe next year Oscar will really have something to celebrate. —***Reported by Janice C. Simpson/Los Angeles***



MARILYN FRANDSEN DESIGN

A Women's Action Coalition poster

REVIEWS

CINEMA

The Art of Childhood

WHAT: FIVE MOVIES ABOUT KIDS

WHERE: FROM THE U.S., EUROPE AND THE GREAT FRENCH NORTH

THE BOTTOM LINE: *Hollywood can still spin a cute kids' fable, but a film from Quebec gets the magic and fear right.*

By RICHARD CORLISS

AMERICA IS THE LAND OF THE perpetual teen. We want to stay young forever, to build longer-lasting bodies and minds nourished on fantasy. Let somebody else play grownup; we're all too busy being Aladdin, pledging for Animal House, romping in the backyard with a dog named Beethoven, living in Wayne's World.

In Europe kids grow up different—earlier and tougher. Parents still wield authority; Papa could be Yahweh with a toothache, and Mama could sell her daughter into child prostitution. And because Death hangs around the house like a spinster aunt, the kids must ever be packed off to relatives for whom child care is just the latest of life's dirty tricks. Sometimes the kids run away and never come back. No wonder children in European films often look like stunted adults. Since birth they've been in a dress rehearsal for distress.

The proof of these dour bromides is found in five new movies about kids. Two are from abroad: Gianni Amelio's Italian drama *Il Ladro di Bambini* (Stolen Children) and Jean-Claude Lauzon's *Léolo,* from Quebec. Three are from Disney: Duwayne Dunham's *Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey,* Mikael Salomon's *A Far Off Place* and Stephen Sommers' *The Adventures of Huck Finn.*

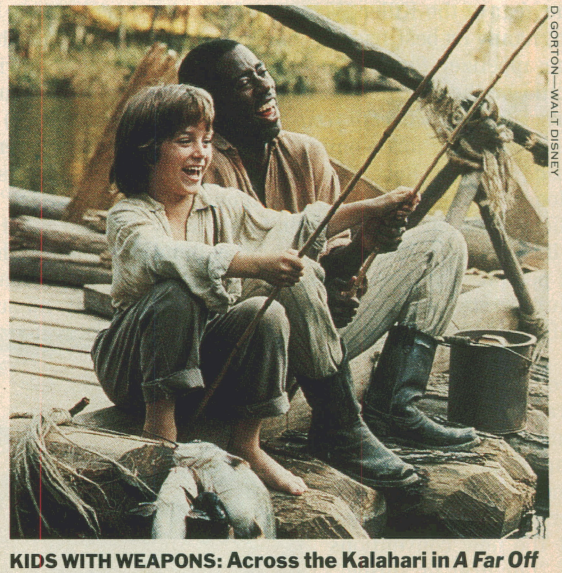
Blame it all on Mark Twain. His novels about Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn established not only the quest theme for 20th century American literature but also the matter and manner of kids' movies. Sommers' brisk, pretty version of Huck's wayward youth gets most of Twain's words right, even if the music sounds like a TV jingle. Huck (plucky Elijah Wood) eludes his troglodyte father (Ron Perlman, doing an uncanny Tom Waits impression) for an eventful honeymoon on a raft with Nigger Jim (just plain Jim here, in a nicely balanced performance by Courtney B. Vance). Huck's runaway mouth gets them in trouble, and his wit gets them out.

The other two Disney films have similar plots. Indeed, add a female character and the two pictures have identical plots. In *A Far Off Place,* three kids in their early teens—a New York City boy (Ethan Randall), a white girl raised in Africa (Reese Witherspoon) and a Bushman (Sarel Bok)—find that poachers have massacred the white children's parents, so they resolve to cross 1,300 miles of the Kalahari Desert to alert the law. The cutesy *Homeward Bound* is the same story, with three variations: the family is missing, not dead; the hostile terrain is the Western U.S.; and the intrepid youngsters are two dogs and a cat (voiced by Michael J. Fox, Sally Field and Don Ameche). Only the species have been changed to protect the copyright.

These and other American films about children are like a progressive preschool. In them, youngsters learn social skills through fantasy war games. Most of the favorite American kids' films, from *The Wizard of Oz* to *E.T.* and *Home Alone,* are rites of self-reliance. Children face adult obstacles (or rather, superhero torture tests) and in surmounting them become adults (or rather, Hollywood's ideal of adults, as kids with weapons). Real parents are redundant in fables for latchkey kids; all authority figures are oafish, evil or, mostly, absent. The lost child finds his own way home.

The downside of independence is isolation, and it's in this psychological Kalahari that non-American kid movies dare to dwell. Some of 1992's most provocative and poignant European films—*Toto le Héros, Olivier Olivier* and *The Long Day Closes,* to be released in the U.S. in May—are about children whom cruelty or circumstance forces to create a world of their own. *Il Ladro di Bambini* has this theme. The state has removed two children (Valentina Scalici and Giuseppe Ieracitano) from their mother's care, since for two years she has forced the girl, 11, to be a child prostitute. A na-

A. BANNISTER—WALT DISNEY



D. GORTON—WALT DISNEY

KIDS WITH WEAPONS: Across the Kalahari in *A Far Off Place;* on a raft with Huck and Jim

ive policeman (Enrico Lo Verso) is directed to take them to an orphanage, where Rosetta is refused. Thus begins a road movie in which the cop becomes a playmate, then a father to the street-battered kids, and the children learn to trust people a little. A little too much.

This much lauded movie has some of young Scalici's sullenly vixenish charm. But *Stolen Children* is also a little too pat in its direction and characterizations and in its dramatic arc from bondage to liberation to mute acceptance of fate's bureaucratic whims. For a movie that worms inside a child's hopes and fears, that understands how kids can be both shaped by their family and in righteous rebellion against it, you should see—immediately—*Léolo*.

R. DUFRESNE

DROWNING IN WORDS: Maxime Collin in *Léolo*

Léo Lozeau (Maxime Collin) lives in a Montreal hovel with his surpassingly strange family. Father (Roland Blouin) is a brute laborer; "wrinkles line his face and reveal nothing but the age that dug them." Mother (Ginette Reno) loves the boy, but she is obsessed with bowel movements as nature's prophylactic—"Push, my love," she whispers urgently to the infant Léo, a captive princeling enthroned on a potty. His near mute sisters Nanette and Rita shuttle dully from fantasy to insanity, from home to the local asylum. His brother, muscle-bound Fernand (Yves Montmarquette), is so frail of spirit that he is prey for the scrawniest bully. His gross grandfather (Julien Guiomar) has tried to drown Léo, who can't wait to return the favor.

The rest of the family gets along well enough—"at times," Léo says, "their lunacies harmonized"—but he is an outsider, an orphan. These people think he is theirs. Léo knows better: "Because I dream, I'm not." He is half Italian: Léolo Lozone, conceived during his mother's fruitful collision with a sperm-soaked Sicilian tomato. A bright, lonely boy could not be the spawn of this horrid clan. Surely he is not destined to replicate their mean lives and dead-end careers or the madness to which they are all heir. And so, in this slum of bruised humanity that never seems quite human to him, where "the birds endlessly bitch about winter," Léo will scribble his thoughts about his family. He will erect a castle of words on the fertile ground of his imagination, on the fetid soil of his craving for love, revenge and escape.

Mostly love—or lust, since Léo is 12 and increasingly preoccupied with "the tail that swelled between my legs." The two scents, sweet and acrid, mingle whenever he sees his dream girl, Bianca (Giuditta Del Vecchio), a dark-haired waif who lives nearby. He has visions of Bianca standing in a Sicilian glade, singing Italian love songs in her thin, pure voice. Through the bathroom keyhole he has other views of Bianca. He watches her adjust her underclothes, then sees she is not alone. Grandfather is in the tub, naked, handing her money. "Sex," Léo writes, "I discovered between ignorance and horror."

Can any child, isolated inside his best instincts, survive for long, when family, school, class, the whole sordid world conspire to crush him? Léo can't. But Léolo can; his autobiography is saved by the one stranger who might have helped him. Certainly Lauzon, who testifies that this grotesque family portrait is based on fact, survived and thrived—to make a beautiful film. His story, in this boldly voluptuous telling, reminds us of two truths: no remembered childhood is so bizarre that it cannot have occurred; and the surest way to purge demons is to impale them on the page or screen—to turn ignorance into understanding and horror into art.

Léolo finally declares, "And I shall rest my head between two worlds, in the Valley of the Vanquished." That is where we all live, suspended between childhood and its haunting afterimage. Hollywood wants us to think of youth as a ripping yarn, where every adventure has a happy ending. *Léolo* sees childhood as the acid test for maturity. ■

Kitchen Magician

TITLE: *LIKE WATER FOR CHOCO LATE*
DIRECTOR: ALFONSO ARAU
WRITER: LAURA ESQUIVEL
THE BOTTOM LINE: *This grand Mexican fable shows that the way to a man's heart is through a woman's hearth.*

By RICHARD CORLISS

NOTHIN' SAYS LOVIN' LIKE SOMEthin' from the oven. The extra ingredient is care. Just like Mom used to make it.

It's a pity that the folk wisdom of food has degenerated into commercial slogans—for the kitchen is a place of remembered magic. What are spells, if not womankind's oldest recipes? What is a caldron but a pot for witches' bouillabaisse? Snow White's stepmother was Apple Annie with a grudge, and Macbeth's Weird Sisters were the sous-chefs of Destiny. If a woman's place is at the stove, then it is there she spent millenniums perfecting her potions. She let her power simmer over a low flame; then she served up the concoction, a work of art from the hearth, to charm those who would love her and poison those who would enslave her.

Tita (Lumi Cavazos), the heroine of *Like Water for Chocolate,* is one such kitchen magician. It is said that she cried even in her mother's womb and that the salt from her tears at birth filled a 40-lb. sack that spiced the family meals for years. She has so much love to give—especially to Pedro (Marco Leonardi), a handsome rancher—but upper-class convention would strangle it. Her tyrannical mother Elena (Regina Torne) decreed that as her youngest daughter, Tita must care for her and never marry.

MIRAMAX FILMS

RECIPE FOR LOVE: Lumi Cavazos cooks up a simmering passion

Denied her life's love and condemned to the serving life, Tita finds in cooking the steam of sorcery. When Pedro marries her sister Rosaura (Yareli Arizmendi) simply to be near Tita, she bakes a wedding cake that leaves the celebrators sick or spellbound. When Pedro dares to give her a bouquet of roses, she presses them ecstatically to her chest—the scratches are as close as she can get to Pedro's caresses—and then prepares a heady quail with rose-petal sauce. Her culinary witchcraft will affect many births, marriages and deaths. But they will not stanch her tears.

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Before	After*
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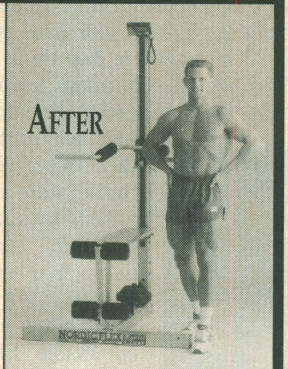
% Body fat: 11.5%	% Body fat: 6%
Waist: 33 inches	Waist: 31 inches
Arms: 12.5 inches	Arms: 15.5 inches
Chest: 40.5 inches	Chest: 44.5 inches



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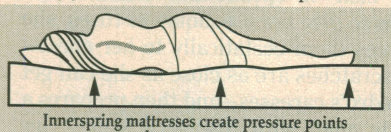

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In her first novel, *Like Water for Chocolate,* Mexican screenwriter Laura Esquivel brought Gabriel García Márquez's brand of magic realism into the kitchen and the bedroom, the Latin woman's traditional castle and dungeon. The film version was written by Esquivel and directed by her husband Alfonso Arau, known to U.S. audiences for his performances in funky-flaky westerns. In *The Wild Bunch* he played a punk gunslinger and in *¡Three Amigos!* the malefic El Guapo, who spits out the immortal line "A plethora of piñatas!"

There is a plethora of primal romance in *Like Water for Chocolate,* set mostly in Mexico's turbulent 1910s. While the eldest sister (mesmerized, of course, by Tita's food) runs off naked to join Zapata's forces of independence, Tita stays at home to mix her own sweet subversion into her food. As the movie proves, the most profound revolutions are the oldest—the ones women have been cooking up since the cave days.

Acted with subtle ferocity, directed with expansive tenderness, *Like Water for Chocolate* is a story of passion in bondage and death in a fire storm of desire too long withheld. Viewers need not feel so constrained; they can enjoy the emotional splendor, gasp at the ghosts, cry with as much good cause as Tita. By comparison with this banquet of feelings, most other movies are trail mix. ■

BOOKS

Written In Stone

TITLE: *ASSEMBLING CALIFORNIA*
AUTHOR: JOHN McPHEE
PUBLISHER: FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX; 304 PAGES; $21
THE BOTTOM LINE: *A peripatetic author proves that geology can be a page turner.*

By R.Z. SHEPPARD

ASSEMBLING CALIFORNIA IS THE fourth and final volume of John McPhee's "Annals of the Former World" series, his reports on the new geology that began running in the *New Yorker* back in the Shawnian Era. That was before the Albion Shift uplifted Tina Brown from London and thrust her toward Manhattan, where she eventually docked as the magazine's new editor.

McPhee concluded his project at a good time. Brown's interests are topical, not topological. Even dedicated sub-

scribers to the old *New Yorker* can be forgiven if their eyes lost traction on McPhee's exotic terrain and skidded to the cartoons. Those who stayed with "Annals" soon learned to appreciate the enterprise. McPhee is a master of expository prose.

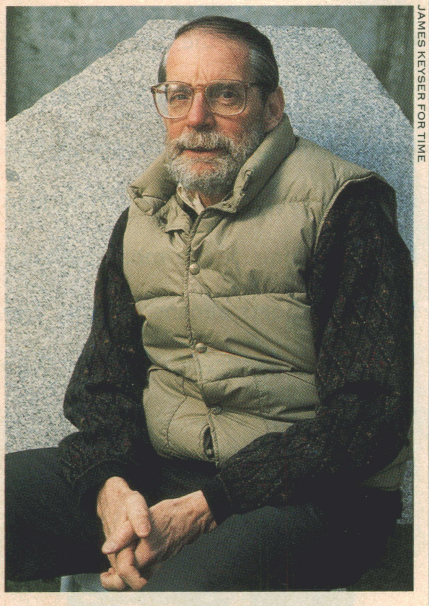
A lesser writer could not have made a subject as abstruse as plate tectonics both intelligible and readable. Seen in four dimensions—not least of which is time—the earth appears as an endless, slow-motion demolition derby. Untangling cause and effect challenges both mind and imagination. Nature has had 4 billion years to jumble the record, and geologists not even two generations to begin to grasp the mechanisms of continental drift.

So far, the evidence suggests that earthquakes are incremental steps in the movement of the 20 or so lithospheric plates that make up the planet's crust. It takes about 50,000 major jolts to nudge a plate 100 miles. Eldridge Moores, the geologist who guides McPhee, believes California was formed when a 2,000-mile-long arc of land parked against North America 250 million years ago.

How does he know? Moores is a specialist in ocean crust, which he routinely discovers high and dry in the Sierra Nevada. "The whole vast assemblage of transported deep-ocean rock," writes McPhee, "now rests on California like a ship stuck in sand, listing thirty degrees to the west." Scientist and writer poke through the wreckage. They straddle fault lines and sift through road cuts while impatient drivers speed by.

It is soon apparent that Moores and McPhee share more than a passion for knowledge. Geology is a way for both men to get out of the house. From California they fly to Cyprus, still a tectonic mystery, and to Greece, a microplate caught in a squeeze between Africa and Europe.

Travel suits the peripatetic nature of the narrative. The world is an agora through which Moores and McPhee amble and learn. Whenever their exchanges seem about to burst with an excess of ophiolites, abyssoliths and subduction zones, McPhee relieves the pressure with anecdotes and historical nuggets. Included is a tectonic dish of special interest to Californians. During the past 2,000 years, part of the San Andreas Fault near Los Angeles has been wrenched by 12 major earthquakes. On average they occurred 145 years apart. The most recent Big One hit in 1857. McPhee makes no predictions but figures his readers are smart enough to do their own arithmetic. ■



JAMES KEYSER FOR TIME

McPHEE: The wreckage of the past is an agora for a master of expository prose

Striptease In a Taxi

TITLE: *EXPOSURE*
AUTHOR: KATHRYN HARRISON
PUBLISHER: RANDOM HOUSE; 218 PAGES; $20
THE BOTTOM LINE: *The reader becomes a voyeur, unable to stop watching as veils and bandages fall.*

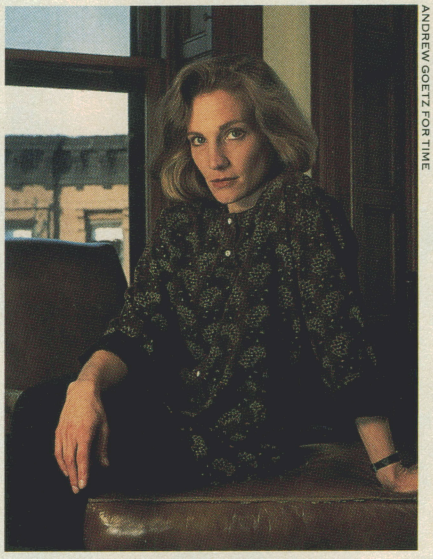
By JOHN SKOW

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN squirms on the rear seat of a taxi in midtown Manhattan, trying to get out of her tight skirt, and then, when she has managed to do that, squirms again, trying to wiggle into a second, somewhat tighter skirt. She succeeds, but the new skirt leaves no room for lingerie. Off come half-slip and panties. She leaves them on the taxi floor, with the old skirt. At her destination, as she pays the cabby, he nods at the new skirt. "Whatdja do, steal it?"

"Yes," she says.

Ann Rogers is cracking up, and not all that slowly. She is married to a bright, fairly sympathetic fellow who restores houses, and she is a successful partner in a business that makes videos of weddings. Makes, in fact, seamlessly joyous videos of weddings often awkward and sour, which is an art, and one she is good at. But her hobbies, shoplifting clothes from Bergdorf and ingesting methamphetamine, which she does quite often from the tip of her jackknife blade, don't foretell a long and happy life. She is a diabetic, in addition, and her meth addiction worsens a deteriorating eye condition whose far end is blindness.

So the plot is dreary and predictable in its basics: neurasthenic young woman falls apart. That is, in fact, what happens; Ann Rogers crumbles and collapses. Why does this matter? Why does author Harrison's novel (her second, after the much praised *Thicker Than Water*) grab the reader by the throat? Is it the hook of that voyeuristic first scene in the taxi? Are we waiting for something like that striptease to happen again?



ANDREW GOETZ FOR TIME

HARRISON: The camera's cold eye sets off a psychological unraveling

Sure, partly. This is a commercial novel, and if you have to bludgeon readers to get their attention, well, that's show biz. But the author has more to tell. A succession of interleaved flashbacks gives a strange family history, seen through a camera's cold eye. Through happenstance, her grandfather, an American migrant to Mexico, became a photographer in the early days of the art and specialized in elaborate portraits of dead children in confirmation finery. A meningitis plague brought him prosperity. He was a journeyman, but his son, her father, became a famed photographic artist, whose morbid specialty was a long series of nude photographs of Ann, before puberty, arranged as if dead. As the adult Ann spirals out of control, a big retrospective show of her father's work is set to open.

In quick summary, this is melodrama. As the novel winds and backtracks, it is a convincing psychological unraveling. A question, after this strong second book, is whether Harrison can manage this sort of powerful hold on the reader while being somewhat less gaudy in her use of stage effects. ■

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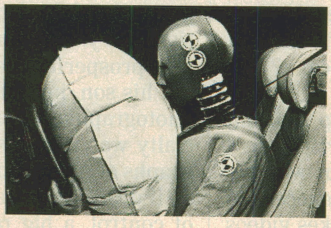

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SHORT TAKES

TELEVISION

Not Long for This World

SITCOMS CAN SOMETIMES BE THE SADdest places on TV. Whenever you see a new one with a star who rarely does television, there's usually a tale about dried-up movie roles or a career on the downswing. The latest actress to come crawling back is Shelley Long, who left *Cheers* six years ago for a movie career that has gone nowhere. In **GOOD ADVICE** (CBS, debuting April 2), she plays a marriage counselor whose sunny outlook is dashed when she discovers that her husband has been cheating on her. In the usual sitcom way, her real family is at the office, where she shares quarters, oddly, with a bald-headed chiropractor and an aggressive divorce lawyer (Treat Williams—boy, this *is* sad). Long still has her bristly charm, but the vehicle has little.

THEATER

Rage Uncorked

IT'S DIFFICULT TO CALL AGITPROP against South Africa hard-hitting; how many *pro*-apartheid plays get mounted in the U.S.? But **THE SONG OF JACOB ZULU,** which Chicago's Steppenwolf troupe brought to Broadway last week, redeems its overlong preachments with Eric Simonson's deft direction and K. Todd Freeman's luminous acting of the title role, especially a final monologue in which he unsentimentally uncorks the rage that drove a minister's son to terrorism. What makes the show unique is the unearthly beauty of a capella songs by Ladysmith Black Mambazo, the group highlighted on Paul Simon's *Graceland* album. The nine singers become a sort of Greek chorus and attain the dimensions of classical tragedy.

THEATER

Triangular Love

MOST OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S SOcial comment is pretty stingless these days, but there's still spark in the love triangle in **CANDIDA,** where the title character chooses the "weaker" of two men—not the lonely boy inured to pain but the proud public man, used to cosseting. Candida's fail-safe feminist speech enlivens the otherwise kittenish and cloying Broadway debut of Mary Steenburgen, an Oscar winner for *Melvin and Howard*. But the real joy is watching fellow film star Robert Sean Leonard (*Dead Poets Society, Swing Kids*) as her coltish adolescent admirer. He brings quiet reality to the most extravagant talk and gawkily comic gestures and makes one think the play should be called, after him, *Marchbanks*.

GALE ADLER—CBS

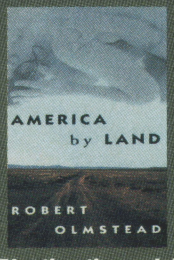
TELEVISION: Williams and Long share quarters and sad stories

MALCOLM CROWTHERS

MUSIC: Earl Wild brings poetry, power and elegance to the piano

JACK MITCHEL

THEATER: Freeman stars in the evolution of a terrorist



BOOKS: Blasting through Kerouac country on the big bike

C. ROSEGG—SWOPE ASSOC.

THEATER: Should *Candida* really be called *Marchbanks*?

MUSIC

Resurrecting the Golden Age

EARL WILD TOURED WITH, AND THEN RErecorded, three synoptic all-Liszt programs, called "The Poet," "The Transcriber," "The Virtuoso"—three apt descriptions for Wild himself. He's a throwback to the Golden Age pianists, exulting in the sensuality of Romanticism and the vertiginous, almost orchestral possibilities of the piano. Two CDs demonstrate his superb musicianship and rare virtuosity: *Chopin: 4 Ballades—4 Scherzi* and *Earl Wild Plays His Transcriptions of Gershwin* (Chesky Records). Chopin's works vary widely in mood and tempo, yet Wild sustains the long singing lines that provide their pulse and shape. That singing—with wit, warmth and Lisztian heroics—defines Wild's Gershwin, especially his extended *Fantasy on Porgy and Bess*.

BOOKS

Real Man's Mush

HOT TIP FOR MALE NOVELISTS WITH A YEN to be Danielle Steel: a motorcycle will haul almost any load of sentimental mush. Robert Olmstead knows this. In his novel **AMERICA BY LAND** (Random House; $20), Ray Redfield, 23 and drifting, heads out on his Harley to visit his cousin Juliet in New Mexico. He doesn't know she has just sold her newborn daughter to a pair of yuppies. She doesn't know he is bleeding internally from an industrial accident. On the big bike, wounded together, they blast through Colorado and Nevada at 80 m.p.h., charming waitresses and sassing state cops, bumming joints from road people who have read too much Jack Kerouac. Some of this is fun, but adult readers will yell, "Get a job!"

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PEOPLE

By GINIA BELLAFANTE

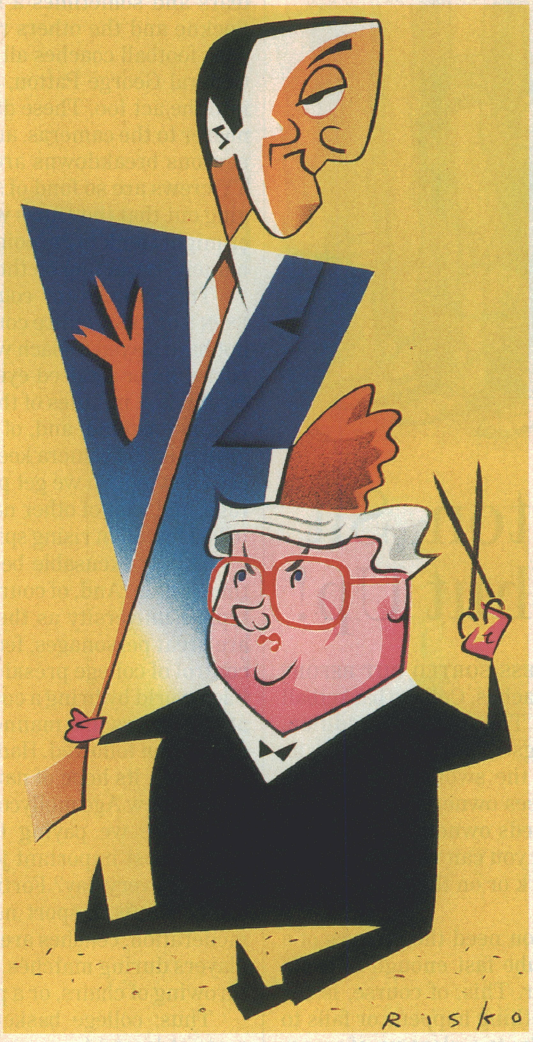
HEINZ KLUETMEIER—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Goodbye Girl

SHE JUST SAID *NEI* TO NORWAY. Olympic gold medal figure skater **KRISTI YAMAGUCHI** is bowing out of the Lillehammer games and gliding gracefully away from the superstress she would have been subjected to as the sport's most promising Stateside Olympic contender. "At Albertville there were no expectations placed on me," says Kristi. "Coming away with the gold was icing on the cake. How much better could you get?" Not much. But unfortunately, a Kristi-free women's team will put the U.S. on thin ice in 1994. Now the heat is on Nancy Kerrigan, who ranked a disappointing fifth at this year's world championships.

The Mike Web

ONLY THREE MONTHS OUT OF federal prison, and '80s greed symbol **MICHAEL MILKEN** is demonstrating a keen understanding of the new '90s zeitgeist: Do good (campaign for a Democrat, save a rain forest), and do it in the company of a colossal celebrity. The former junk-bond impresario has announced he's directing money from his family foundation to launch an educational cable network for children. And who will help develop the project? None other than everyone's best friend, **MICHAEL JACKSON.**



RISKO FOR TIME

Pro Thumb Wrestling

THEY ARE THE FRED AND ETHEL MERTZ OF FILM criticism, rote sparring partners who would be better off in couples' therapy. **GENE SISKEL** and **ROGER EBERT** recently had one of their snippiest spats to date after Siskel (that's right, the thin one) disclosed *The Crying Game's* major plot twist on the duo's pre-Oscar TV special. An angry Ebert thought the revelation arrogant and selfish. Siskel's take: "Roger is an only child, and he thinks he runs the world. He was mad because he wasn't consulted." Siskel did warn viewers of his impending security breach, a considerate gesture for the hype-resistant few to whom Dil is just a kind of pickle.

TIMOTHY WHITE—CONTACT

Stern: The Book, Really

BE IT *PENTHOUSE* PETS AND their panties or mayhem in Bosnia, morning gab god **HOWARD STERN** has an opinion, a loud one. Soon enough, fans who can't wake up without his uniquely conceived Neanderthal diatribes can look forward to hitting the hay with them too, when Howard's first book lands in stores next fall. "This new medium will be the culmination of my dream," said Howard at a press conference last week, "to see my every thought in print, available in libraries for future generations to study."

Log On: L-O-V-E

ROMANCE OFTEN PROVES ELUSIVE for the world's geeks, but **BILL GATES** has a little something most nerdy bachelors don't: a comfy $7 billion net worth. The chairman of Microsoft Corp. and the country's richest single guy has finally selected his Queen of Software. Gates, 37, plans to marry Melinda French, 28, a Microsoft marketing manager he met at a company dinner five years ago. So far, the thrifty billionaire, who flies coach, hasn't bought an engagement ring. Hey, Bill: nothing says love like a cubic zirconia.

PETER SIBBALD—SYGMA

ESSAY

John Skow

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY PETER DE SÈVE

General Patton, Sit Down and Shut Up!

O.K., LET'S GET THIS SORRY MESS SORTED OUT BEFORE the Final Four. First thing, coaches. College basketball coaches are braying asses. They are, in addition, paunchy, hairy-eared gasbags. They are nearly as loathsome as George Steinbrenner, the swollen ego sac recently reinstated as New York Yankees owner. (How about a trade, Steinbrenner for Cincinnati Reds owner Marge Schott and a psychiatrist to be named?) But you can watch an entire Yankees baseball game at the ball park or on the tube without having to see Steinbrenner.

If you like basketball, however, you need the reflexes of a snake to turn your eyes from the tube fast enough to avoid television's favorite stomach churner. This, of course, is the coach-reaction shot. Whenever something happens or fails to happen on the court, the camera flicks to a close-up of an aggrieved coach chewing his necktie, swelling up like a bullfrog and calling down spittle-flecked abominations on his team and the uncaring refs. Then you get a shot of the other coach, regarding the action with a jowly sneer.

These are not pretty sights. Television, of course, is mindless and thus not really to blame. It was sportswriters, drones with the notebooks and pencils, who came up with the bizarre notion that coaches were somehow interesting and admirable and even—ah, why not?—the stuff of legend. It is not hard to understand how this happened. If, like most sportswriters, you were a middle-aged, overweight guy, it was a lot easier to talk to another out-of-shape 50-year-old in a suit than to try to get a bored teenager to explain how he ran or hit or shot the ball so well. Coaches could always give you a couple of quotes for an easy story, and the kid athletes mostly couldn't. Writers cranked out flattering stuff about these flabby fellows with thinning hair, using words like hard and nose.

Legendmongering started with college football, way back before basketball walked tall. Amos Alonzo Stagg, Fielding Yost and Knute Rockne built character like honest stonemasons, or so sportswriters wrote through eyes misted by manly tears and sometimes a little bourbon and ginger ale. Maybe Rockne and the others really did build character. But by the '50s, football coaches all behaved like George C. Scott playing General George Patton, and basketball coaches were getting into the act too. These days round-ball philosophers, who are nearer to the cameras, are the greater public pestilence. Their nervous breakdowns are photographed in extreme close-up. TV crews are so fond of showing coaches with their eyes bugging out that they miss whole minutes of what a naive observer might think is the point of bringing the cameras to the gym: namely, the action on the floor.

The coaches, of course, know they are performing for ESPN's or CBS's entire congregation. Sir Laurence Olivier could not have played a coach with subtlety under these conditions. A curled lip or a raised eyebrow will adequately express dismay for the first minutes of the first quarter, but if the coach's team is falling behind, and, of course, one team or the other almost always is, the camera keeps coming back, begging for real scenery chewing. So we get pacing, towel throwing and screams of rage, and a lot of other naughtiness that two-year-olds get sent to bed for, all in rising spirals of boorishness.

This is excusable because the coaches are geniuses, and thus fragile. And, of course, because they are paid as much at a typical university as the entire chemistry department. They are great personages, feudal barons only nominally under the control of college presidents. Cal Berkeley astounded the civilized world by firing a coach named Lou Campanelli for yelling at his players in a manner deemed insensitive. Much agitated discussion followed. Had the university lost its sense of values or, worse, its hope of national television? Were its ballplayers men or New Age mollycoddles?

Or are we paying too much attention to functionaries whose most important job is to show up and unlock the basketballs every day? Fortunately, there is a solution. In professional tennis, a sport not otherwise known for wisdom and moderation, coaches are forbidden to communicate with their players during matches. No yelling, no signals, no meaningful throwing of chairs, or a penalty is imposed.

Thus: college basketball coaches are to be banished to seats at least 14 rows up in the stands. Their pants are to be nailed to these seats, so that they can't stand up. One-way glass is to be installed in front of their pens, so that the cameras can't see them. It's true that with this plan, we won't be able to see Bobby Knight emit steam from his ears. (Knight, the glowering genius who cut Charles Barkley from the '84 Olympic tryouts, is the coach whose Indiana University team is right up there in the all-important tantrums-endured statistical category.) But as cartoon figures like Knight cease to be visible, their need to overact will diminish. So will their salaries, as they cease to be celebrities, and chemistry departments across the nation will be able to afford new test tubes.

Now, quickly, a couple of minor reforms: tell players to get rid of the moldy "gym rat" fad of wearing T shirts under their uniform shirts. This is intended to signify dedication, because if you keep practicing three pointers long after the heat has been turned off, you need a T shirt. But the pros don't dress this way, do they? Also lose the dreary possession arrow and reinstate the jump after a held ball. Little squirts love to try to outjump the big droids, and audiences love to see them do it. Right. And, coach, you up there in the 14th row with the seat torn out of your pants, that will be a two-shot foul. ■

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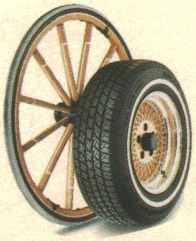

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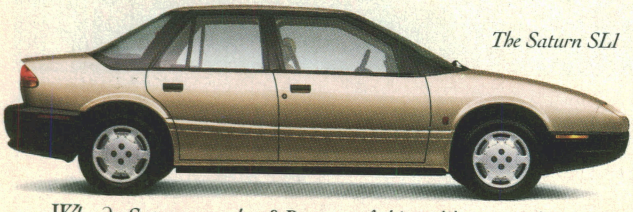

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Manufacturer's suggested retail price for the 1993 Saturn SL1 is $10,195, including retailer prep. Tax, license, options and transportation charges are extra. Jim Burk is pictured with the Burns International Security Services' 1991 beige Saturn SL1, at 107,821 miles. © 1993 Saturn Corporation.